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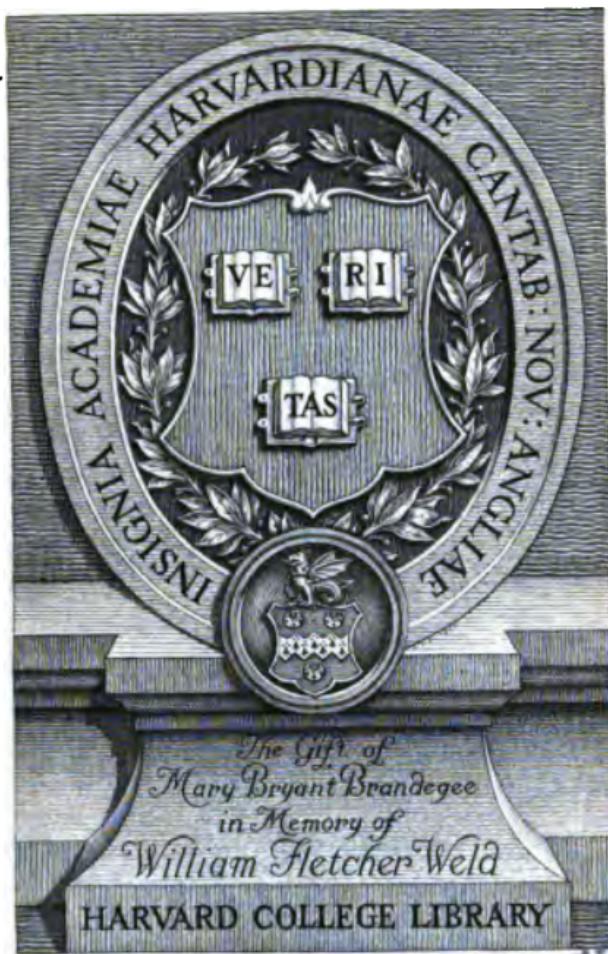
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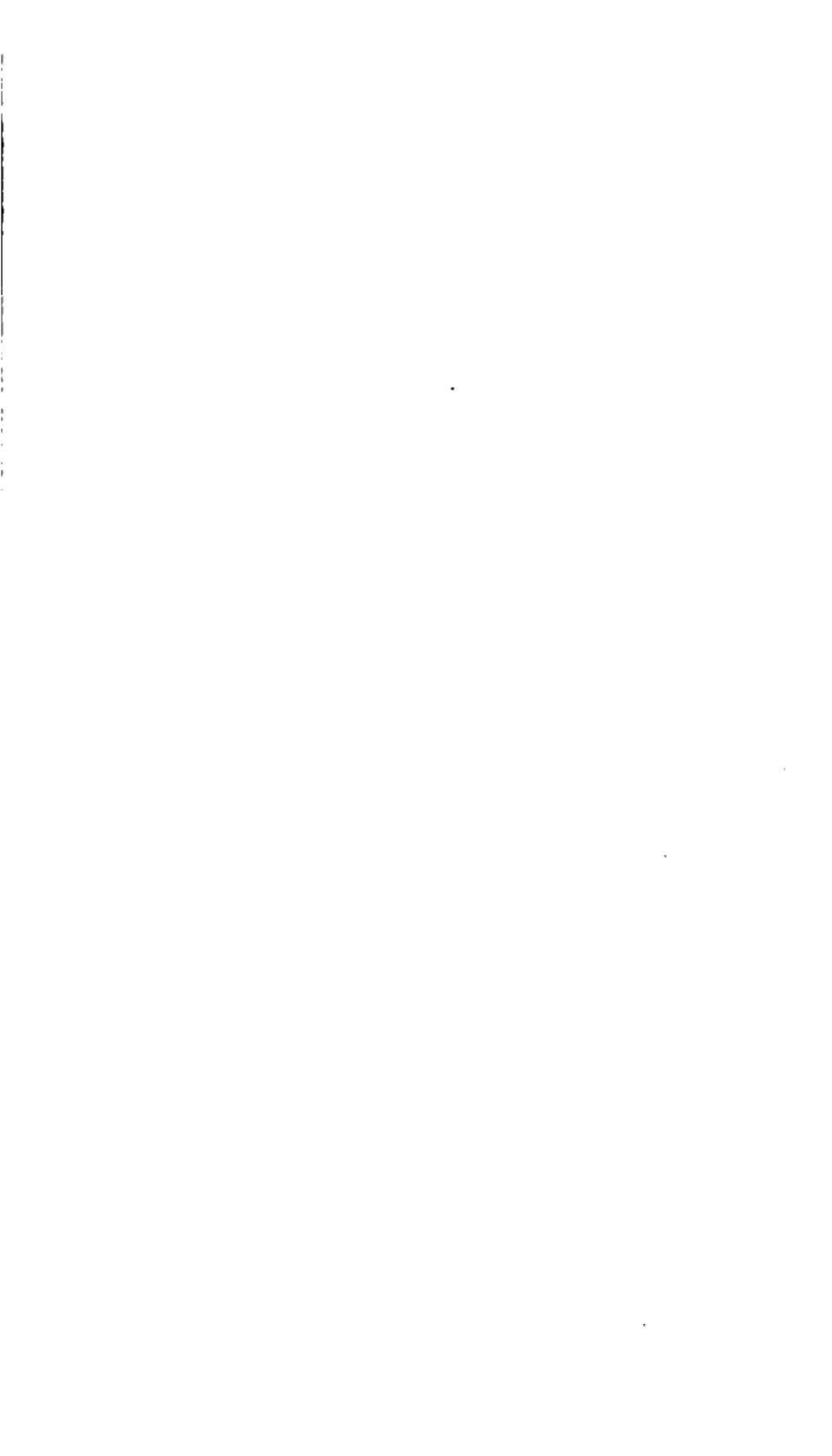
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SPECIMENS

OF

SCARCE TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

FROM

THE LATIN POETS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

MISCELLANEOUS TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE

GREEK, SPANISH, ITALIAN, &c.

By ROBERT WALPOLE, ESQ. B. A.

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Κυλίω κάγω τὸν πίθον, ὡς μὴ μόρος ἀργεῖν
δοκοίην ἐν τοσούτοις ἐργαζομένοις.

Lucian. Ed. Hem. ii. 5.

L O N D O N:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

In the investigation of the history of the literature of a country, it is highly interesting to trace and observe the progress of poetical translation. In works of this nature, “the English writers of the sixteenth and the greatest part of the seventeenth century seem to have had no other care than, in Denham’s phrase, to translate language into language, and to have placed their whole merit in presenting a literal and servile transcript of their original.” The observations on this subject of the writer from whom the above extract is taken, demand great attention, from the sound judgment and correct taste which he has displayed throughout his work *. There were however even in that age,

* See An Essay on the Principles of Translation.

he remarks afterwards, some writers who manifested a better taste in poetical translation ; and to exemplify this, passages are cited with due praise from the version of Lucan's *Pharsalia* by May, and of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid by Sandys. The following specimens, which are translations from some of the Latin poets, and which were written during the seventeenth century will present a very favourable idea of the abilities of other writers in this species of composition ; with whose productions the general mass of readers is but little acquainted from the rarity of the books in which they are contained. That the oblivion which has overtaken many of the works of these authors is altogether undeserved, I shall not assert ; but in translation, it will be confess that they are worthy of more praise and notice than they have hitherto obtained. Fidelity has been scarcely ever sacrificed to paraphrase ; and in many passages peculiar felicity has been displayed by them. A negligence of, and inattention to the accuracy of rime is a fault of which they are, doubtless, often guilty.—The reader will also find interspersed some translations in French written during

the same century, which are extracted from some scarce collections with which I have been fortunate enough to meet.

Concerning the smaller poems at the end of the volume I have scarcely any thing to observe. The translations or rather imitations from the Greek are from the *Anthologia**. But, after repeated trials, I am

* It might be shown, if this were the proper place, how much many writers have been indebted to the Greek *Anthologia*. I have only time to notice that the following beautiful lines of *Angerianus* are imitated from a more beautiful epigram of *Asclepiades* which begins :

Ἄντοῦ μοι στέρανοι παῖς· ἀ δικλίσι· ταῖσδε περιμαστοῖ
Μίμνετε, μὴ προπετῶς φύλλα τινασσόμενοι. Χ.Τ.Λ.

- *Ante fores madidæ sic sic pendete corollæ,*
Mane orto imponet Cælia vos capiti.
At quum per niveam cervicem influxerit humor,
Dicite non roris sed pluvia hæc lacrimæ.

A singular coincidence of idea with the above, in a stanza of some verses by Mr. Sheridan, has been observed by Mr. Moore in his *Anacreon*.

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch mayst preserve
 Two lingering drops of the night-fallen dew.—&c.

obliged to confess that the *ἀρελεῖα* so peculiar to the species of composition in that collection defies all translation. It was suggested that it would be proper to insert the Greek originals: but I have scarcely ever noted the places in Jacob's collection, where they were found; and they will easily occur to the mind of the classical reader.

The Latin alcaic stanzas in p. 123 are a translation from the first part of the fourteenth *canzone* of Petrarch, beginning *Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque*. The Greek verses in p. 129 are translated from a Spanish Ode of Father Luis de Leon on the introduction of the Moors. Of this there is an animated version by Mr. Southey, in his "Letters written during a short residence in Spain and Portugal," which he has allowed me to transcribe, and which will be found in the Appendix. In p. 140 the beginning of the *Amphitryon* of Moliere is translated into Greek Iambics; many passages of which comedy, it may be observed, bear a more striking resemblance to parts of Aristophanes, than to Plautus.

I have explained the design and plan of a publication which was undertaken and completed during the hours of relaxation from a literary performance of a more severe nature. The tediousness of idleness is more oppressive to a mind of any activity, than labour and exertion.

Gastar el tiempo porque el tiempo sobra,
es perder sin discurso, ni advertencia,
lo que falta despues, y no se cobra.

Don Francisco de Borja.

That works of this kind are liable to suffer from the imputation of being light and trivial I am well aware. I am not inclined to dispute the truth that languages are the mere instruments of real knowledge. Yet with these a more familiar acquaintance is necessarily obtained by habits of composition and of version. The labour and time bestowed in the application to the perfect idioms of Greece and Rome, have never been condemned except by the ignorant; since we are thus introduced "to the society of the free and polished

nations of antiquity ; and to a familiar converse with those immortal men, who spoke the sublime language of eloquence and reason.*" And in acquiring a competent knowledge of the four languages of modern Europe which flow from the Latin as their source, those to whom the latter is not a stranger are easily able to bestow some portion of time, without interrupting the prosecution of more important studies, and more serious pursuits.

* Gibbon, Rom. Hist. 12, 138.

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TRANSLATIONS

WRITTEN DURING

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

OVID. METAM. lib. ix. ver. 453.

BYBLIS in exemplo est, ut ament concessa puellæ :
Byblis, Apollinei correpta cupidine fratris,
Non soror ut fratrem, nec qua debebat, amavit.

Illa quidem primo nulos intelligit ignes,

The story of Byblis and Caunus is related by Ovid in his most beautiful manner. The translation of it is extracted from a book printed in the year 1681, which contains some original performances by Oldham. It is conducted throughout, a few faults excepted, with great spirit and vigour.

OLDHAM.

You heedless maids, whose young and tender hearts,
Unwounded yet, have 'scap'd the fatal darts,
Let the sad tale of wretched Byblis move,
And learn by her to shun forbidden love.
Not all the plenty, all the bright resort
Of gallant youth, that grac'd the Carian court,
Could charm the haughty nymph's disdainful heart,
Or from a brother's guilty love divert;
Caunus she lov'd, not as a sister ought,
But honour, shame, and blood alike forgot;
Caunus alone takes up her thoughts and eyes,
For him alone she wishes, grieves, and sighs.
At first her new-born passion owns no name,....
A glimm'ring spark scarce kindling into flame;

Nec peccare putat quod sæpius oscula jungat,
Quod sua fraterno circumdet brachia collo :
Mendacique diu pietatis fallitur umbra.

Paulatim declinat amor ; visuraque fratrem
Culta venit ; nimiumque cupit formosa videri ;
Et, si qua est illic formosior, invidet illi.

Sed nondum manifesta sibi est ; nullumque sub illo
Igne facit votum : veruntamen æstuat intus.
Jam dominum appellat : jam nomina sanguinis odit :
Byblida jam mavult, quam se vocet ille sororem :

She thinks it no offence, if from his lip
She snatch an harmless bliss,....if her fond clip
With loose embraces oft his neck surround ;
And love is yet in debts of nature drown'd.

But love at length grows naughty by degrees ;
And now she likes and strives herself to please ;
Well drest she comes, and arms her eyes with darts,
Her smiles with charms, and all the studied arts
Which practis'd love can teach to vanquish hearts.
Industrious now she labours to be fair,
And envies all whoever fairer are.

Yet knows she not she loves ; but still does grow
Insensibly that thing she does not know ;
Strict honour yet her check'd desires does bind,
And modest thoughts on this side wish confin'd ;
Only within she sooths her pleasing flames,
And now the hated terms of blood disclaims ;
' Brother ' sounds harsh ; she the unpleasing word
Strives to forget, and oftner calls him ' lord ;'
And, when the name of ' sister ' grates her ear,
Could wish't unsaid, and rather ' Byblis ' hear.

Spes tamen obscœnas animo dimittere non est
Ausa suo vigilans. Placida resoluta quiete,
Sæpe videt quod amat. Visa est quoque jungere fratri
Corpus ; et erubuit quamvis sopita jacebat.
Somnus abit : silet illa diu ; repetitque quietis
Ipsa suæ speciem ; dubiaque ita mente profatur :

“ Me miseram ! Tacitæ quid vult sibi noctis imago ?
Quam nolim rata sit. Cur hæc ego somnia vidi ?
Ille quidem est oculis quamvis formosus inquis :
Et placet, et possum, si non sit frater, amare :

Nor dare she yet with waking thoughts admit
A wanton hope ; but, when returning night
With sleep's soft gentle spell her senses charms,
Kind fancy often brings him to her arms ;
In them she oft does the lov'd shadow seem
To grasp, and joys, yet blushes too in dream.
She wakes, and long in wonder silent lies,
And thinks on her late pleasing ecstasies ;
Now likes and now abhors her guilty flame,
By turns abandon'd to her love and shame :
At length her struggling thoughts an utt'rance find,
And vent the wild disorders of her mind.

“Ah me!” she cries : “kind heav'n avert! what
means

This boding form, that nightly rides my dreams ?
Grant them untrue!....Why should lewd hope divine ?
Ah why was this too charming vision seen ?
‘Tis true, by the most envious wretch that sees,
He's own'd all fair and lovely, own'd a prize
Worthy the conquest of the brightest eyes,...
A prize that would my high'st ambition fill,...
All I could wish ;....but he 's my brother still !

Et me dignus erat. Verum nocet esse sororem.

“ Dummodo tale nihil vigilans committere tentem,
 Sæpe licet simili redeat sub imagine somnus.
 Testis abest somno, nec abest imitata voluptas.
 Proh Venus, et tenera volucer cum matre Cupido,
 Gaudia quanta tuli ! quam me manifesta libido
 Contigit ! ut jacui totis resoluta medullis !
 Ut meminisse juvat ! quamvis brevis illa voluptas,
 Noxque fuit præceps, et cœptis invida nostris.

“ O ego, si liceat mutato nomine jungi,
 Quam bene, Caune, tuo poteram murus esse parenti !
 Quam bene, Caune, meo poteras gener esse parenti !
 Omnia Di facerent essent communia nobis
 Præter avos ! tu me vellem generosior esses.
 Nescio quam facies igitur, pulcherime, matrem ;
 At mihi, quæ male sum quos tu sortita parentes,

That cruel word for ever must disjoin ;
Nor can I hope, but thus, to have him mine.

“ Since then I waking never must possess,
Let me in sleep at least enjoy the bliss ;
And sure nice virtue can’t forbid me this :
Kind sleep does no malicious spies admit,
Yet yields a lively semblance of delight.
Gods ! what a scene of joy was that ! how fast
I clasp’d the vision to my panting breast !
How sweet is the remembrance yet ! though night
Too hasty fled, drove on by envious light.

“ O that we might the laws of nature break !
How well could Caunus me an husband make !
How well to wife might he his Byblis take !
Would God in all things we had partners been
Besides our parents and our fatal kin !
Would thou wert nobler, I more meanly born !
Then guiltless I’d despair’d and suffer’d scorn.
Happy that maid unknown, whoe’er shall prove
So blest, so envied, to deserve thy love !
Unhappy me ! whom the same womb did join,
Which now forbids me ever to be thine.

Nil nisi frater eris. Quod obest, id habebimus unum.
Quid mihi significant ergo mea visa ? quod autem
Somnia pondus habent ? an habent et somnia pondus ?
Di melius ! Di nempe suas habuere sorores ;
Sic Saturnus Opim junctam sibi sanguine duxit,
Oceanus Tethyn, Junonem rector Olympi.
Stant Superis sua jura : quid ad cœlestia ritus
Exigere humanos, diversaque fœdera tento ?
Aut nostro vetitus de corde fugabitur ardor ;
Aut, hoc si nequeo, peream precor ante, toroque
Mortua componar, positæque det oscula frater.

Curst fate ! that we alone in that agree,
By which we ever must divided be.
And must we be ? what meant my visions then ?
Are they and all their dear presages vain ?
Have dreams no credit but with easy love ?
Or do they hit sometimes, and faithful prove ?
The Gods forbid ! yet those whom I invoke
Have lov'd like me, have their own sisters took ;
Great Saturn and his greater offspring Jove
Both stock'd their heaven with incestuous love ;
Gods have their privilege :....why do I strive
To strain my hopes to their prerogative ?
No : let me banish this forbidden fire,
Or quench it with my blood, and with 't expire :
Unstained in honour, and unhurt in fame,
Let the same grave bury my love and shame :
But when at my last hour I gasping lie,
Let only my kind murderer be by ;
Let him, while I breathe out my soul in sighs,
Or gaze 't away, look on with pitying eyes :
Let him (for sure he can't deny me this)
Seal my cold lips with one dear parting kiss.

Et tamen arbitrium quærit res ista duorum.
Finge placere mihi ; scelus esse videbitur illi.
At non Æolidæ thalamos timuere sororum.
Unde sed hos novi ? cur hæc exempla paravi ?
Quo feror ? obscœnæ procul hinc discedite flammæ ;
Nec, nisi qua fas est germanæ, frater ametur.

“ Si tamen ipse mei captus prior esset amore,
Forsitan illius possem indulgere furori.
Ergo ego, quem fueram non rejectura petentem,
Ipsa petam ? Poterisne loqui ? poterisne fateri ?
Coget amor : potero. Vel, si pudor ora tenebit,

“ Besides, 'twere vain should I alone agree
To what another's will must ratifie :
Could I be so abandon'd to consent,
What I have pass'd for good and innocent
He may perhaps as worst of crimes resent.
Yet we amongst our race examples find
Of brothers who have been to sisters kind ;
Fam'd Canace could thus successful prove,
Could crown her wishes in a brother's love.
But whence could I these instances produce ?
How came I wifly to my ruin thus ?
Whither will this mad frensy hurry on ?
Hence, hence, ye naughty flames, far hence begone,
Nor let me e'er the shameful passion own.

“ And yet, should he address I should forgive ;
I fear, I fear, I should his suit receive.
Shall therefore I, who could not love disown
Offer'd by him, not mine to him make known ?
And canst thou speak ? can thy bold tongue declare ?
Yes, love shall force ;....and now methinks I dare.
But least fond modesty at length refuse,
I will some sure and better method chuse ;

Litera celatos arcana fatebitur ignes."

Hæc placet, hæc dubiam vincit sententia mentem.
In latus erigitur; cubitoque innixa sinistro,
“ Viderit: insanos,” inquit, “ fateamur amores.
“ Hei mihi! quo labor? quem mens mea concipit
ignem?”

Et meditata manu componit verba trementi.
Dextra tenet ferrum; vacuam tenet altera ceram.

Incipit; et dubitat; scribit; damnatque tabellas:
Et notat; et delet; mutat; culpatque, probatque;
Inque vicem sumtas ponit, positasque resumit.

A letter shall my secret flames disclose,
And hide my blushes, but reveal their cause."

This takes ; and 'tis resolv'd as soon as said :
With this she rais'd herself upon her bed,
And propping with her leaning hand her head,
"Happen what will," says she, "I'll make him know
What pains, what raging pains I undergo.

Ah me ! I rave ! what tempests shake my breast ?
And where, oh where will this distraction rest ?"
Trembling her thoughts indite, and oft her eye
Looks back for fear of conscious spies too nigh ;
One hand her paper, th' other holds her pen,
And tears supply what ink her lines must drain.

Now she begins, now stops, and stopping frames
New doubts, now writes, and now her writing damns ;
She writes, defaces, alters, likes, and blames :
Oft throws in haste her pen and paper by,
Then takes them up again as hastily ;
Unsteady her resolves, fickle and vain,
No sooner made, but strait unmade again ;
What her desires would have she does not know,
Displeas'd with all whate'er she goes to do.

Quid velit ignorat : quicquid factura videtur
Dispicet. In vultu est audacia mista pudore.
Scripta soror fuerat : visum est delere sororem ;
Verbaque correctis incidere talia ceris :

Quam, nisi tu dederis, non est habitara salutem,
Hanc tibi mittit amans ; pudet, ah pudet edere
nomen !

Et, si quid cupiam quæris, sine nomine vellem
Posset agi mea causa meo : nec cognita Byblis
Ante forem quam spes votorum certa fuisse.
Esse quidem læsi poterant tibi pectoris index,
Et color, et macies, et vultus, et humida saepe

At once contending, shame and hope and fear
Wrack't her tost mind, and in her looks appear.
'Sister' was wrote ; but soon misgiving doubt
Recalls it, and the guilty word blots out ;
Again she pauses and again begins,
At length her pen drops out these hasty lines :

" Kind health, which you and only you can grant,
Which, if denied, she must for ever want,
To you your lover sends ; ah ! blushing shame
In silence bids her paper hide her name.
Would God the fatal message might be done
Without annexing it, nor Byblis known
Ere blest success her hopes and wishes crown !
And had I now my smother'd grief conceal'd,
It might by tokens past have been reveal'd ;
A thousand proofs were ready to impart
The inward anguish of my wounded heart.
Oft, as your sight a sudden blush did raise,
My blood came up to meet you at my face ;
Oft, if you call to mind, my longing eyes
Betray'd in looks my soul's too thin disguise.

Lumina, nec causa suspiria mota patent;
Et crebri amplexus; et quæ, si forte notasti,
Oscula sentiri non esse sororia possent.

“Ipsa tamen, quamvis animo grave vulnus habebam,
Quamvis intus erat furor igneus, omnia feci
(Sunt mihi Di testes) ut tandem sanior essem;
Pugnavique diu violenta Cupidinis arma
Effugere infelix; et plus quam ferre puellam
Posse putes ego dura tuli. Superata fateri
Cogor, opemque tuam timidis exposcere votis.

Think how their tears, think how my heaving breast
Oft in deep sighs some cause unknown confess ;
Think how these arms did oft with fierce embrace,
Eager as my desires, about you press ;
These lips too (when they could so happy prove),
Had you but mark'd, with close warm kisses strove
To whisper something more than sister's love.

“ And yet, though rankling grief my mind distrest,
Though raging flames within burnt up my breast,
Long time I did the mighty pain endure,
Long strove to bring the fierce disease to cure ;
Witness the cruel pow'rs who did inspire
This strange, this fatal, this resistless fire ;
Witness what pains (for you alone can know)
This helpless wretch to quench't did undergo ;
A thousand racks and martyrdoms, and more
Than a weak virgin can be thought, I bore :
O'ermatch'd in pow'r at last I'm forc'd to yield,
And to the conquering God resign the field.
To you, dear cause of all, I make address,
From you with humble pray'rs I beg redress ;

Tu servare potes, tu perdere solus amantem.
 Elige, utrum facias. Non hoc inimica precatur;
 Sed quæ, cum tibi sit junctissima, junctior esse
 Expetit; et vinclo tecum propiore ligari.

“ Jura senes norint; et quid liceatque, nefasque
 Fasque sit, inquirant, legumque examina servent;
 Conveniens Venus est annis temeraria nostris.
 Quid liceat nescimus adhuc; et cuncta licere
 Credimus; et sequimur magnorum exempla deorum:

“ And call that lawful, whatsoe'er does please.”

This line will recall to the reader's mind the following passage in the beautiful chorus in the Aminta of Tasso:

Ma legge aurea e felice,
 Che Natura scolpì, “ S' ei piace, ei lice.”

You rule alone my arbitrary fate,
And life and death on your disposal wait.
Ordain as you think fit; deny or grant;
Yet know, no stranger is your suppliant;
But she, who, though to you in blood allied
In nearest bonds, in nearer would be tied.

“ Let doating age debate of law and right,
And gravely state the bounds of just and fit;
Whose wisdom 's but their envy, to destroy
And bar those pleasures which they can't enjoy :
Our blooming years, more sprightly and more gay,
By nature were design'd for love and play.
Youth knows no check, but leaps weak virtue's fence,
And briskly hunts the noble chase of sense ;
Without dull thinking we enjoyment trace,
And call that lawful, whatsoe'er does please.
Nor will our guilt want instances alone,
'Tis what the glorious Gods above have done :
Let's follow where those great examples went,
Nor think that sin, where heaven's a precedent.

“ Nec nos aut durus pater, aut reverentia famæ,
Aut timor impedient; tantum absit causa timendi.

“ Dulcia fraterno sub nomine furtæ tegemus.
Est mihi libertas tecum secreta loquendi;
Et damus amplexus; et jungimus oscula coram.
Quantum est, quod desit! Miserere fatentis amorem,
Et non fassuræ, nisi cogeret ultimus ardor;
Neve merere meo subscribi causa sepulcro.”

“ Let neither awe of father’s frowns, nor shame
For aught that can be told by babbling fame,
Nor any ghastlier phantom fear can frame,
Frighten or stop us in our way to bliss :
But boldly let us rush on happiness ;
Where glorious hazards shall enhance delight,
And that that makes it dangerous make it great.

“ Relation, too, which does our faults increase,
Will serve that fault the better to disguise.
That lets us now in private often meet
Bless’d opportunities for stol’n delight ;
In public often we embrace and kiss,
And fear no jealous, no suspecting eyes.
How little more remains for me to crave !
How little more for you to give ! O save
A wretched maid undone by love and you,
Who does in tears and dying accents sue ;
Who bleeds that passion she had ne’er reveal’d,
If not by love, almighty love compell’d :
Nor ever let her mournful tomb complain,
“ Here Byblis lies, kill’d by your cold disdain ! ”....

Talia nequicquam perarantem plena reliquit
Cera manum ; summusque in margine versus adhaesit.
Protinus impressa signat sua crimina gemma ;
Quam tinxit lacrymis : linguam defecerat humor.
Deque suis unum famulis pudibunda vocavit,
Et pavidum blandita, “ Fer has, fidissime, nostro.....”
Dixit, et adjecit post longo tempore,....“ fratri.”

Cum daret, elapsæ manibus cecidere tabellæ.
Omine turbata est : misit tamen. Aptæ minister
Tempora nactus adit, traditque latentia verba.
Attonitus subita juvenis Mæandrius ira,

Here forc'd to end, for want of room, not will
To add ; her lines the crowded margin fill,
Nor space allow for more ; she, trembling, folds
The paper, which her shameful message holds ;
And sealing, as she wept with boding fear,
She wet her signet with a falling tear.

This done, a trusty messenger she call'd,
And in kind words the whispered errand told ;
"Go carry this with faithful care," she said,
"To my dear...." there she paused awhile, and staid,
And, by and by,...."brother"....was heard to add.

As she deliver'd it with her commands,
The letter fell from out her trembling hands :
Dismay'd with the ill omen, she anew
Doubted success, and held, yet bade him go.
He goes, and, after quick admission got,
To Caunus' hands the fatal secret brought.
Soon as the doubtful youth a glance had cast
On the first lines, and guest by them the rest,
Strait horror and amazement fill'd his breast ;

Projicit acceptas, lecta sibi parte, tabellas :
Vixque manus retinens trepidantis ab ore ministri,
“ Dum licet, o vetitæ scelerate libidinis auctor,
Effuge,” ait : “ qui, si nostrum tua fata pudorem
Non traherent secum, poenas mihi morte dedisses.”

Ille fugit pavidus : dominæque ferocia Cauni
Dicta refert. Palles audita, Bybli, repulsa :
Et pavet obsessum glaciali frigore pectus.
Mens tamen ut rediit, pariter rediere furores :
Linguaque vix tales icto dedit aëre voces :

“ Et merito. Quid enim temeraria vulneris hujus.

Impatient with his rage, he could not stay
To see the end, but threw 't half read away.
Scarce could his hands the trembling wretch forbear,
Nor did his tongue these angry threat'nings spare :
"Fly hence, nor longer my chaf'd fury trust,
Thou cursed pander of detested lust !
Fly quickly hence, and to thy swiftness owe
Thy life, a forfeit to my vengeance due ;
Which, had not danger of my honour crost,
Thou 'dst paid by this, and been sent back a ghost."

He the rough orders strait obeys, and bears
The killing news to wretched Byblis' ears.
Like striking thunder the fierce tidings stun,
And to her heart quicker than lightning run ;
The frightened blood forsakes her ghastly face,
And a short death does every member seize :
But soon as sense returns, her frenzy too
Returns, and in these words breaks forth anew :
" And justly serv'd ;....for why did foolish I
Consent to make this rash discovery ?

Indicium feci ? quid quæ celanda fuerunt
 Tam cito commisi properatis verba tabellis ?
Ante erat ambiguis animi sententia dictis
 Prætentanda mihi. Ne non sequeretur euntem,
 Parte aliqua veli, qualis foret aura, notare
 Debueram ; tutoque mari decurrere : quæ nunc
 Non exploratis implevi lintea ventis.
 Auferor in scopulos igitur, submersaque toto
 Obruor oceano : neque habent mea vela recursus.

“ Quid quod et ominibus certis prohibebar amori
 Indulgere meo : tum cum mihi ferre jubenti
 Excidit, et fecit spes nostras cera caducas ?
 Nonne vel illa dies fuerat, vel tota voluntas,
 Sed potius mutanda dies ? Deus ipse monebat ;
 Signaque certa dabat, si non male sana fuisse.

“ Et tamen ipsa loqui, nec me committere ceræ

Why did I thus in hasty lines reveal
That dang'rous secret, honour would conceal ?
I should have first with art disguis'd the hook,
And seen how well the gaudy bait had took,
And found him hung at least, before I struck.
From shore I should have first descried the wind,
Whether 'twould prove to my adventure kind,
Ere I to untried seas myself resign'd :
Now dash'd on rocks, unable to retire,
I must i' th' wreck of all my hopes expire.

“ And was not I by tokens plain enough
Forewarn'd to quit my inauspicious love ?
Did not the fates my ill success foretell
When from my hands th' unhappy letter fell ?
So should my hopes have done, and my design ;
That, or the day, should then have alter'd been ;
But rather the unlucky day, when heaven
Such ominous proofs of its dislike had given :
And so it had, had not mad passion sway'd,
And reason been by blinder love misled.

“ Besides, alas ! I should myself have gone,
Nor made my pen a proxy to my tongue :

Debueram ; præsensque meos aperire furores.
Vidisset lacrymas ; vultus vidisset amantis.
Plura loqui poteram quam quæ cepere tabellæ.
Invito potui circumdare brachia collo ;
Amplectique pedes ; affusaque poscere vitam :
Et si rejiceret potui moritura videri.
Omnia fecissem ; quorum si singula duram
Flectere non poterant, potuissent omnia, mentem.

“ Forsitan et missi sit quædam culpa ministri.
Non adiit apte ; non legit idonea, credo,
Tempora ; nec petiit horamque animumque vacantem.

“ Hæc nocuere mihi ; neque enim de tigride natus ;
Nec rigidas silices, solldumve in pectore ferrum
Aut adamanta gerit ; nec lac bibit ille leænæ.

Much more I could have spoke, much more have told,
Than a short letter's narrow room would hold ;
He might have seen my looks, my wishing eyes,
My melting tears, and heard my begging sighs ;
About his neck I could have flung my arms,
And been all over love, all over charms ;
Grasp'd and hung on his knees, and there have died,
There breath'd my gasping soul out, if denied.
This and ten thousand things I might have done,
To make my passion with advantage known ;
Which if they each could not have bent his mind,
Yet surely all had forc'd him to be kind.

“ Perhaps he whom I sent was too in fault,
Nor rightly tim'd his message as he ought ;
I fear he went in some ill-chosen hour,
When cloudy weather made his temper lour,
Not those calm seasons of the mind, which prove
The fittest to receive the seeds of love.

“ These things have ruin'd me ; for doubtless he
Is made of human flesh and blood like me ;
He suck'd no tigress, sure, nor mountain bear,
Nor does his breast relentless marble wear.

Vincetur : repetendus erit : nec tædia cœpti
Ulla mei capiam, dum spiritus iste manebit.

“ Nam primum (si fata mihi revocare liceret)
Non cœpisse fuit ; cœpta expugnare, secundum est.
Quippe nec ille potest (ut jam mea vota relinquam)
Non tamen ausorum semper memor esse meorum.
Et, quia desierim, leviter voluisse videbor ;
Aut etiam tentasse illum, insidiisque petisse :
Vel certe non hoc, qui plurimus urit et ussit
Pectora nostra, Deo, sed victa libidine credar.

“ Denique jam nequeo nil commisisse nefandum :
Et scripsi et petii ; temerata est nostra voluntas ▶

He must, he shall consent ; again I'll try,
And try again, if he again deny ;
No scorn, no harsh repulse, or rough defeat,
Shall ever my desires or hopes rebate.
My earnest suits shall never give him rest,
While life, and love more durable, shall last ;
Alive I'll press, till breath in pray'rs be lost,
And after come a kind beseeching ghost.

“ For, if I might what I have done recall,
The first point were, not to have done 't at all :
But since 'tis done, the second to be gain'd
Is, now to have, what I have sought, attain'd.
For he, though I should now my wishes quit,
Can never my unchaste attempts forget :
Should I desist, 'twill be believ'd that I
By slightly asking taught him to deny ;
Or that I tempted him by wily fraud,
And snares for his unwary honour laid ;
Or, what I sent (and the belief were just)
Were not th' efforts of love, but shameful lust.

“ In fine, I now dare any thing that's ill ;
I've wrote, I have solicited ; my will

Ut nihil adjiciam, non possum innoxia dici.

Quod superest multum est in vota, in crimina par-
vum."

Dixit ; et (incertæ tanta est discordia mentis)
Cum pigeat tentasse, libet tentare ; modumque
Exit, et infelix committit sæpe repelli.

Has been debauch'd ; and should I thus give out,
I cannot chaste and innocent be thought.
Much there is wanting still to be fulfill'd,
Much to my wish, but little to my guilt."

She spoke : but such is her unsettled mind,
It shifts from thought to thought like veering wind,
Now to this point and now to that inclin'd.
What she could wish had unattempted been
She strait is eager to attempt again ;
What she repents she acts ; and now lets loose
The reins to love, nor any bound allows ;
Repulse upon repulse unmov'd she bears,
And still sues on, while she her suit despairs.

OVID. lib. i. eleg. 2.

Esse quid hoc dicam, quod tam mihi dura videntur
 Strata, neque in lecto pallia nostra sedent?
 Et vacuam somno noctem, quam longa, peregi;
 Lassaque versati corporis ossa dolent?
 Nam puto sentirem, si quo tentarer amore;
 An subit, et tacita callidus arte nocet?

Sic erat, hæserunt tenues in corde sagittæ:
 Et possessa feris pectora versat amor.
 Cedimus? an subitum luctando accendimus ignem?
 Cedamus: leve fit quod bene fertur onus.
 Vidi ego jactatas mota face crescere flamas:
 Et vidi nullo concutiente mori.
 Verbera plura ferunt, quam quos juvat usus aratri,
 Detrectant pressi dum juga prima boves.
 Asper equus duris contunditur ora lupatis:
 Frena minus sentit, quisquis ad arma facit.

CREECH.

—

Ah me ! why am I so uneasy grown ?
Ah why so restless on my bed of down ?
Why do I wish to sleep, but wish in vain ?
Why am I all the tedious night in pain ?
What cause is this that ease, that rest denies ?
And why my words break forth in gentle sighs ?
Sure I should know if love had fixt his dart ;
Or creeps he softly in with treach'rous art,
And then grows tyrant there and wounds the heart.
'Tis so : the shaft sticks deep and galls my breast ;
'Tis tyrant Love that robs my thoughts of rest.
Well, shall I tamely yield, or must I fight ?
I'll yield :—'tis patience makes a burthen light ;
A shaken torch grows fierce, and sparks arise ;
But if unmov'd, the fire looks pale and dies.
The hard-mouth'd horse smarts for his fierce disdain ;
The gentle's ridden with a smoother rein.

Acrius invitos, multoque ferocius urget,
Quam qui servitium ferre fatentur, Amor.

En ego confiteor : tua sum nova præda, Cupido.

Porrigitus vinctas ad tua jura manus.

Nil opus est bello : pacem veniamque rogamus;
Nec tibi laus, armis victus inermis, ero.

Necte comam myrto : maternas junge columbas;
Qui deceat, currum Vitricus ipse dabit.

Inque dato curru, populo clamante triumphum,
Stabis ; et adjunctas arte movebis aves.

Ducentur juvenes capti, captæque puellæ.

Hæc tibi magnificus pompa triumphus erit.

Ipse ego, præda recens, factum modo vulnus habebo :
Et nova captiva vincula mente feram.

Mens bona ducetur manibus post terga retortis,
Et pudor, et castris quidquid Amoris obest ;

Love smooths the gentle, but the fierce reclaims ;
He fires their breasts, and fills their souls with flames.

I yield, great Love ; my former crimes forgive,
Forget my rebel thoughts, and let me live ;
No need of force ; I willingly obey ;
And now unarm'd shall prove no glorious prey.

Go take thy mother's doves, thy myrtle crown,
And for thy chariot Mars shall lend his own :
There thou shalt sit in thy triumphant pride ;
And whilst glad shouts resound on every side,
Thy gentle hands thy mother's doves shall guide.

And there, to make thy glorious pomp and state,
A train of sighing youths and maids shall wait,
Yet none complain of an unhappy fate.

There, newly conquer'd, I, still fresh my wound,
Will march along, my hands with myrtle bound ;
There modesty with veils thrown o'er her face,
Now doubly blushing at her own disgrace ;
There sober thoughts, and whatsoe'er disdains

Love's rule, shall feel his pow'r and bear his chains ;
There all shall fear, all bow, yet all rejoice ;
" Io triumphe," be the public voice.

Blanditiæ comites tibi erunt, Errorque, Furorque,
Assidue partes turba secuta tuas.
His tu militibus superas hominesque Deosque :
Hæc tibi si demas commoda, nudus eris.
Læta triumphanti de summo mater Olympo
Plaudet ; et oppositas sparget in ora rosas.

Thy constant guards, soft Fancy, Hope, and Fear,
Anger and soft caresses shall be there.
By these strong guards are men and Gods o'erthrown;
These conquer for thee, Love, and these alone.
Thy mother from the sky thy pomp shall grace,
And scatter sweetest roses in thy face.

HORAT. lib. i. od. 4.

SOLVITUR acris hyems grata vice veris et Favoni ;
Trahuntque siccas machinæ carinas :
Ac neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator igni :
Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.

From the same collection as the preceding translation, where it is given without any name prefixed to it. It is not in the edition of the works of Lord Rochester: but in a translation of the odes and satires of Horace by different hands it appears with these initials, E— of R——. I do not know to what other “ rhyming peer ” of the time it can be ascribed, except it be to Lord Roscommon, who translated two other odes of Horace. The performance above must be considered more as a paraphrase than a translation. I have been obliged to leave out a stanza; and in some other parts of the work I have omitted lines; as the same objection may be made to the writers which was offered by the younger Pliny against some authors; who indulged not only in “ lascivia rerum,” but also in the “ verba nuda.”

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

Conquer'd with soft and pleasing charms,
And never-failing vows of her return,
Winter unlocks his frosty arms
To free the joyful spring ;
Which for fresh loves with youthful heat does burn ;
Warm south-winds court her, and with fruitful
show'rs
Awake the drowsy flow'rs,
Who haste and all their sweetness bring
To pay their yearly offering.

No nipping white is seen ;
But all the fields are clad in pleasant green,
And only fragrant dews now fall ;
The ox forsakes his once warm stall
To bask in th' sun's much warmer beams ;
The plowman leaves his fire and his sleep,
Well pleas'd to whistle to his lab'ring teams ;
Whilst the glad shepherd pipes to 's frisking sheep.

Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus, imminentे Luna :
Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes
Alterno terram quatiunt pede, dum graves Cyclopum
Vulcanus ardens urit officinas.
Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto,
Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solutæ.
Nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
Seu poscat agnam, sive malit hoëdum.
Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres. O beate Sexti,
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
Jam te premet Nox, fabulæque Manes,

Nay, tempted by the smiling sky,
Wreck't merchants quit the shore,
Resolving once again to try
The wind and sea's almighty pow'r.

Since all the world's thus gay and free,
Why should not we ?
Let's then accept our mother Nature's treat,
And please ourselves with all that's sweet ;
Let's to the shady bow'rs,
Where crown'd with gaudy flow'r's
We'll drink and laugh away the gliding hours :
For, trust me, Thyrsis, the grim conqueror Death
With the same freedom snatches a king's breath,
He huddles the poor fetter'd slave
To's unknown grave.
Though we each day with cost repair,
He mocks our greatest skill and utmost care ;
Nor loves the fair, nor fears the strong ;
And he that lives but longest dies but young :
And once depriv'd of light
We're wrapt in mists of endless night.

Et domus exilis Plutonia, quo simul mearis,
Nec regna vini sortiere talis :
Nec tenerum Lycidam mirabere, quo calet juventus
Nunc omnis, et mox virgines tepebunt.

Once come to those dark cells of which we're told
So many strange romantic tales of old,
(In things unknown invention's justly bold ;)

No more shall mirth and wine
Our loves and wits refine.

No more shall you your Phillis have,
Phillis so long you've priz'd ;
Nay, she too in the grave
Shall lie like us despis'd.

CLAUDIAN.

—
JAM breve decrescit lumen, languetque senili
Segnis stella gelu : qualis cum forte tenetur
Nubibus, et dubio vanescit Cynthia cornu :
Jam solitæ medios alæ transcurrere nimbos
Vix ima tolluntur humo : tunc, conscius ævi
Defuncti, reducisque parans exordia formæ,
Arentes tepidis de collibus eligit herbas,
Et cumulum texens pretiosa fronde Sabæum
Componit bustumque sibi partumque futurum.

Taken from a book called *La Cresme des bons Vers*, printed in 1622, containing extracts from the works of Ronsard, Malerbe, and others. I have selected that part of the *Phœnix* of Claudian which describes the death of the bird.

MOTIN.

DESJA le sainct oiseau traîne à regret sa vie,
 La clarté de ses yeux est à demi-ravie ;
 Leur beau jour devient sombre, ainsi que le croissant
 Au travers d'un nuage à peine paroissant ;
 Son aile auparavant des estoilles connuë
 Foible ne sauroit plus l'eslever sur la nue,
 Et son corps orgueilleux roy du vague de l'air
 A peine sçauroit-il de terre s'envoler.

Alors fasché de vivre, et rempli de tristesse,
 Coupable du deffaut qu' apporte la vieillesse,
 Il va pour se refaire, et pour s'entretenir,
 Sa renaissante vie au sepulcre finir ;
 Cherchant le rameau sec, et la feuille tombée
 Des arbres odorants que porte la Sabée,
 Et des plus doux parfums ayant fait un recueil,
 Il en prépare un lict, ou plustost un cercueil,
 Qui puis après se change en un berceau fidelle,
 A fin de recevoir son enfance nouvelle.

Hic sedet, et solem blando clangore salutat
Debilior, miscetque preces et supplice cantu
Præstatura novas vires incendia poscit.
Quem procul adductis vidit cum Phœbus habenis
Stat subito, dictisque pium solatur alumnum :
O senium posture rogo, falsisque sepulcris
Natales habiture vices, qui sæpe renasci
Exitio, proprioque soles pubescere lecto,
Accipe principium rursus, corpusque coactum
Desere : mutata melior procede figura.

Ainsi le vieil Phenix, sur un amas d'odeurs,
Appellant à secours les célestes ardeurs
D'une debile voix de prière animée,
Demande au grand flambeau sa grace accoustumée ;
Avec un chant flateur l'adjurant humblement
De le renouveler par son embrasement.
Le soleil, qui le void, doucement le console ;
Et pour le rassurer lui dist cette parole :
O toy qui despouillant ta vieillesse et tes maux,
Les dois bientost laisser dans un sepulcre faux,
T'immolant à ma flamme, où ton amour te livre ;
Va quitter ce vieux corps et commence à revivre.
Va t'en par le trespas à la vie accourir,
Ce lict te verra naistre aussi tost que mourir.

OVID. lib. ii. eleg. 9.

Me quoque, qui toties merui sub amore puellæ,
 Defunctum placide vivere tempus erat.
 Vive, Deus, posito, si quis mihi dicat, amore :
 Deprecer : usque adeo dulce puella malum est.
 Cum bene pertæsum est, animoque relanguit ardor ;
 Nescio quo miseræ turbine mentis agor.
 Ut rapit in præceps dominum, spumantia frustra
 Fræna retentantem, durior oris equus ;
 Ut subitus, prope jam prensa tellure, carinam
 Tangentem portus ventus in alta rapit ;
 Sic me sæpe refert incerta Cupidinis aura ;
 Notaque purpureus tela resumit amor.
 Fige, puer : positis nudus tibi præbeor armis.
 Hic tibi sint vires : hic tua dextra facit.

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

For me, then, who have truly spent my blood,
Love, in thy service, and so boldly stood
In Celia's trenches, wer't not wisely done
E'en to retire and live at peace at home ?
No. Might I gain a godhead to disclaim
My glorious title to my endless flame,
Divinity with scorn I would forswear,
Such sweet dear tempting devils women are !
Whene'er those flames grow faint, I quickly find
A fierce black storm pour down upon my mind ;
Headlong I 'm hurl'd, like horsemen who in vain
Their fury-flaming coursers would restrain.
As ships just when the harbour they attain
Are snatch'd by sudden blasts to sea again ;
So love's fantastic storms reduce my heart
Half rescued ; and the God resumes his dart.
Strike here, this undefended bosom wound,
And for so brave a conquest be renown'd.

Huc tanquam jussæ veniunt jam sponte sagittæ.

Vix illis præ me nota pharetra sua est.

Infelix, tota quicunque quiescere nocte

Sustinet, et somnos præmia magna vocat.

Stulte, quid est somnus, gelidæ nisi mortis imago ?

Longa quiescendi tempora fata dabunt.

Me modo decipient voces fallacis amicæ ;

Sperando certe gaudia magna feram.

Et modo blanditias dicat : modo jurgia nectat ;

Sæpe fruar domina : sæpe repulsus eam.

Quod dubius Mars est, per te, privigne Cupido, est ;

Et movet exemplo vitricus arma tuo.

Tu levis es multoque tuis ventosior alis ;

Gaudiaque ambigua dasque negasque fide.

Si tamen exaudis pulcra cum matre rogantem ;

Indeserta meo pectore regna tene.

Accedant regno nimium vaga turba puellæ.

Ambobus populis sic venerandus eris.

Shafts fly so fast to me from every part,
You'll scarce discern the quiver from my heart.
What wretch can bear a live-long night's dull rest,
Or think himself in lazy slumbers blest ?
Fool, is not sleep the image of pale death ?
There's time for rest when fate has stopp'd your
breath.

Me may my soft deluding dear deceive !
I'm happy in my hopes while I believe ;
Now let her flatter, then as fondly chide,
Often may I enjoy, oft be denied !
With doubtful steps the God of war does move,
By thy example in ambiguous love.
Blown to and fro, like down from thy own wing,
Who knows when joy or anguish thou wilt bring ?
Yet, at thy mother's and thy slave's request,
Fix an eternal empire in my breast ;
And let th' inconstant charming sex,
Whose wilful scorn does lovers vex,
Submit their hearts before thy throne ;
The vassal world is then thy own.

HOR. lib. i. od. 3.

Sic te Diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat pater,
Obstrictis aliis, præter Iapyga,
Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium, finibus Atticis
Reddas incolumem, precor;
Et serves animæ dimidium meæ.
Illi robur et æs triplex

DU PERRON.

Ainsi la Déesse Cyprine,
Fille de l'écume marine,
Ainsi les célestes Jumeaux,
Astres adorez sur les eaux,
Ainsi des vents l'humide Père
Ton cours heureusement tempère,
Tenant ses enfans emplumez
Si bien sous la clef enfermez,
Excepté l'portun Zephyre,
Que tu puisses, ô cher navire,
Rendre dans le terme promis
Virgile à ta garde commis
Sain et sauf sur le Grec rivage ;
Préservant de l'injuste rage
De la mer sourde et sans pitié
De mon ame l'autre moitié.
Celuy certes en sa poitrine
Logeoit une roche almantine,

**Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus.**

Et barbare portoit le sein
Armé de trois remparts d'airain,
Qui premier sur l'onde mobile
Hazarda sa barque débile.

OVID. epist. 10.

CRUDELES somni, quid me tenuistis inertem ?

At semel æterna nocte premenda fui.

Vos, quoque, crudeles venti nimiumque parati ;

Flaminaque in lacrymas officiosa meas.

Dextera crudelis, quæ me fratremque necavit :

Et data poscenti nomen inane fides.

In me jurarunt somnus, ventusque, fidesque.

Prodita sum causis una puella tribus.

Ergo ego nec lacrymas matris moritura videbo :

Nec, mea qui digitis lumina condat, erit ?

Spiritus infelix peregrinas ibit in auras :

Nec positos artus unget amica manus ?

Ossa superstabunt volucres inhumata marinæ ?

Hæc sunt officiis digna sepulcra meis ?

From the epistle of Ariadne to Theseus. Printed in 1680
amongst a translation of the epistles of Ovid by several hands.

ANONYMOUS.

—

Curst be the sleep which seal'd these eyes so fast !
Curst, that, begun, it did not ever last !
For ever curst be that officious wind
Which fill'd thy sails, and in my ruin join'd !
Curst hand, which me and which my brother kill'd !
With what misfortunes our sad house 't has fill'd !
And curst the tongue, which with soft words betray'd,
And empty vows, a poor believing maid !
Sleep and the winds against me had combin'd
In vain, if perjur'd Theseus had not join'd.

Poor Ariadne ! thou must perish here,
Breathe out thy soul in strange and hated air ;
Nor see thy pitying mother shed one tear :
Want a kind hand which thy fix'd eyes may close,
And thy stiff limbs may decently compose.
Thy carcase to the birds must be a prey.
Thus Theseus all thy kindness does repay !

Ibis Cecropios portus : patriaque receptus
 Cum steteris urbis celsus in arce tuæ ;
 Et bene narraris letum taurique virique,
 Sectaque per dubias saxea tecta vias ;
 Me quoque narrato sola tellure relicta.
 Non ego sum titulis surripienda tuis.

Nec pater est Ægeus ; nec tu Pittheïdos Æthræ
 Filius : auctores saxa fretumque tui.
 Di facerent, ut me summa de puppe videres !
 Movisset vultus mœsta figura tuos.
 Nunc quoque non oculis, sed, qua potes, aspice mente
 Hærentem scopulo, quem vaga pulsat aqua.
 Aspice demissos lugentis in ore capillos ;
 Et tunicas lacrymis, sicut ab imbre, graves.
 Corpus, ut impulsæ segetes Aquilonibus, horret :
 Litteraque articulo pressa tremente labat.
 Non te per meritum, quoniam male cessit, adoro ;
 Debita sit facto gratia nulla meo :

Meanwhile to Athens your swift ship does run ;
There tell the wond'ring crowd what you have done ;
How the mix'd prodigy you did subdue,
The beast and man how with one stroke you slew :
Describe the lab'rinth, and how, taught by me,
You 'scap'd from all those perplext mazes free.
Tell in return what generous things you've done :
Such gratitude will all your triumphs crown.

Sprung sure from rocks, and not of human race,
Thy cruelty does thy great line disgrace !
Yet couldst thou see, as barbarous as thou art,
These dismal looks, sure they would touch thy heart.
You cannot see : yet think you saw me now
Fix'd to some rock as if I there did grow,
And trembling at the waves which roll below ;
Look on my torn and my disorder'd hairs,
Look on my robe, wet through with show'rs of tears ;
With the cold blasts see my whole body shakes,
And my numb'd hand unequal letters makes.
I do not urge my hated merit now,
But yield this once, that you do nothing owe.

Sed nec pœna quidem : si non ego causa salutis,
Non tamen est, cur sis tu mihi causa necis.
Has tibi, plangendo lugubria pectora, lassas,
Infelix tendo trans freta longa manus.
Hos tibi, qui superant, ostendo mœsta capillos.
Per lacrymas oro quas tua facta movent ;
Flecte ratem, Theseu ; versoque relabere vento.
Si prius occidero, tu tamen ossa leges.

I neither sav'd your life, nor set you free ;....
Yet therefore must you force this death on me ?
Ah ! see this wounded breast worn out with sighs,
And these faint arms stretch'd to the seas and skies ;
See these few hairs yet spar'd by grief and rage ;
Some pity let these flowing tears engage.
Turn back ; and if I 'm dead when you return,
Yet lay my ashes in their peaceful urn.

OVID. Eleg. lib. iii. 4.

DURE vir, imposito teneræ custode puellæ,
 Nil agis : ingenio quæque tuenda suo.
 Si qua metu dempto casta est, ea denique casta est.
 Quæ quia non liceat non facit, illa facit.
 Ut jam servaris bene corpus, adultera mens est ;
 Nec custodiri, ni velit, illa potest.
 Nec mentem servare potes, licet omnia claudas ;
 Omnibus occlusis intus adulter erit.
 Cui peccare licet, peccat minus : ipsa potestas
 Semina nequitiae languidiora facit.
 Desine, crede mihi, vitia irritare vetando ;
 Obsequio vincas aptius illa tuo.

See the collection of poems mentioned before.

It is matter of surprise that the commentators on Ovid should not have observed the resemblance between the whole of this passage of the poet, and a fragment of Menander ;

SIR C. SEDLEY.

Vex not thyself and her, vain man, since all
By their own vice or virtue stand or fall.
She's truly chaste, and worthy of that name,
Who hates the ill as well as fears the shame ;
And that vile woman whom restraint keeps in,
Though slie forbear the act, has done the sin.
Spies, locks, and bolts, may keep her brutal part,
But thou 'rt an odious cuckold in her heart.
They that have freedom, use it least ; and so,
The power of ill does the design o'erthrew.
Provoke not vice by a too harsh restraint ;
Sick men long most to drink, who know they mayn't.

which, as it is *sermo uxoris dotatæ ad maritum longe elegantissimus, et aliquantum supra saccum assurgens*, (Bentl. n. 194.) the reader will not be displeased to see. I have caused it to be placed in the Appendix.

Vidi ego nuper equum, contra sua vincla tenacem,
Ore reluctanti fulminis ire modo.
Constitit, ut primum concessas sensit habenas,
Frænaque in effusa laxa jacere juba.
Nitimus in vetitum semper, cupimusque negata;
Sic interdictis imminet æger aquis.
Centum fronte oculos, centum cervice gerebat
Argus; et hos unus sæpe fefellit amor.
In thalamum Danaë saxo ferroque perennem
Quæ fuerat virgo tradita, mater erat.
Penelope mansit, quamvis custode carebat,
Inter tot juvenes intemerata procos.
Quicquid servatur, cupimus magis; ipsaque furem
Cura vocat: pauci, quod sinit alter, amant.

The fiery courser, whom no art can stay,
Or rugged force, does oft fair means obey ;
And he that did the rudest arm disdain
Submits with quiet to the looser rein.

An hundred eyes had Argus ; yet the while
One silly maid did all those eyes beguile.

Danaë, though shut within a brazen tower,
Felt the male virtue of the golden shower.
But chaste Penelope, left to her own will
And free disposal, never thought of ill ;
She to her absent lord preserv'd her truth,
For all th' addresses of the smoother youth.
What's rarely seen our fancy magnifies ;
Permitted pleasure who does not despise ?

OVID. Epist. I.

SED bene consuluit casto Deus æquus amori :
V ersa est in cinerem sospite Troja viro.
Argolici rediere duces : altaria fumant :
Ponitur ad patrios barbara præda Deos.
Grata ferunt nymphæ pro salvis dona maritis :
Illi victa suis Troïa fata canunt.
Mirantur justique sènes trepidæque puellæ :
Narrantis conjux pendet ab ore viri.

From the epistle of Penelope to Ulysses. See La Cresme
des bons Vers, p. 6.

DU PERRON.

Mais quelque Dieu, propice à cette amitié sainte,
 Aux accents de ma voix enfin s'est converti ;
 Troye est reduite en cendre, et sa gloire est esteinte,
 Et mon époux se void des combats garanty.

Les vainqueurs retournez chez eux pleins de louanges
 Goustent en paix le fruit de maint labeur souffert ;
 Leurs autels sont chargez de despouilles étranges,
 Et le butin barbare aux Dieux Grecs est offert.

Par celles de mon sexe avec longs cris de joye
 Les vœux sont accomplis pour leurs époux sauvez,
 Eux content leur fortune et les destins de Troye
 Sous les loix de la Grece en dix ans captivez.

Les bons vieillars chenus et les filles craintives
 Admirent leur hazard où maint autre est pery ;
 Et la femme qui sent les heures moins tardives
 S'attache par l'oreille aux discours du mary.

Atque aliquis posita monstrat fera prælia mensa,
Pingit et exiguo Pergama tota mero.
Hac ibat Simoës : hic est Sigeïa tellus :
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis :
Illic Æacides : illic tendebat Ulysses :
Hic lacer admissos terruit Hector equos.
Omnia namque tuo senior, te quærere misso,
Retulerat nato Nestor : at ille mihi.

Plusieurs mesme au festin, sur les tables chargées
De services exquis et de vin odorant,
Vont des murs d'Ilion et des troupes rangées
L'assiette entre les mets et le plat figurant.

Ici de Simois rouloit le flot oblique,
Là le port de Sigée en croissant s'entrouvoit,
Et là du vieil Priam le palais magnifique
De ses royalles tours les pointes decouvroit.

Achille de ses coups lançoit ici la foudre,
Ulysse icy voulut ses tentes ordonner,
Et là le corps d'Hector couché mort sur la poudre
Effroya les chevaux qui le vouloient trainer.

Car du vieillard Nestor la voix douce et faconde
En entretien ton fils maintes nuicts et maints jours,
Quand il t'alla chercher vers Pile l'infeconde,
Et ton fils après luy m'en fit tout le discours.

OVID. Epist. 8.

Cum tamen altus equis Titan radiantibus instat,
Perfruor infelix liberiore malo.

Nox ubi me thalamis ululantem et acerba gementem
Condidit, in moesto procubuique toro;

Pro somno lacrymis oculi funguntur obortis;
Quaque licet fugio, sicut ab hoste, virum.

Sæpe malis stupeo: rerumque oblita locique
Ignara tetigi Scyria membra manu.

Utque nefas sensi, male corpora tacta relinquo:
Et mihi pollutas credor habere manus.

Sæpe Neoptolemi pro nomine, nomen Orestæ
Exit; et errorem vocis, ut omen, amo.

Per genus infelix juro, generisque parentem,
Qui freta, qui terras, qui sua regna quatit;

From the epistle of Hermione to Orestes, in the collection
of Ovid's Epistles mentioned above.

ANONYMOUS.

Soon as the early harbinger of day
Gilds the glad orb with his resplendent ray,
My grief's made gentler by th' approaching light,
And some pain seems to vanish with the night.
But when a darkness o'er the earth is spread,
And I return all pensive to my bed,
Tears from my eyes, as streams from fountains flow ;
I shun this husband, as I'd shun a foe.
Oft grown unmindful through distractive cares,
I've stretcht my arms and touch'd him unawares ;
Strait then I check the wand'ring sense, and fly
To the bed's utmost limits : yet I lie
Restless e'en there, and think I'm still too nigh.
Oft I for ' Pyrrhus' have ' Orestes' said,
But blest the error which my tongue had made.
Now by that royal God whose frown can make
The vassal globe of his creation shake,

Per patris ossa tui, patrui mihi; quæ tibi debent
Quod se sub tumulo fortiter ulta jacent;
Aut ego præmoriar, primoque extinguar in ævo;
Aut ego Tantalidæ Tantalis uxor ero.

Th' almighty sire of our unhappy race,
And by the sacred urn that does embrace
Thy father's dust, whose once loud blood may boast
Thou in repose hast laid his sleeping ghost ;
I'll either live my dear Orestes' wife,
Or to untimely fate resign my life.

OVID. De Arte Amandi, lib. 1. ver. 683.

FABULA nota quidem, sed non indigna referri,
Scyrias Hæmonio juncta puella viro.

Jam Dea laudatæ dederat sua præmia formæ
Colle sub Idæo vincere digna duas.

Jam nurus ad Priamum diverso venerat orbe ;
Graiaque in Iliacis mœnibus uxor erat.

Jurabant omnes in læsi verba mariti :
Nam dolor unius publica causa fuit.

Turpe, nisi hoc matris precibus tribuisset, Achilles
Veste virum longa dissimulatus erat.

The translation is taken from *Les Œuvres de Monsieur le Président Nicole*, printed in 1661. The president Nicole published various translations from the Latin and Italian, which are in general very diffuse.

NICOLE.

La jeune Didamie, ainsi que l'on raconte,
Ne se vit point rougir de dépit et de honte,
Lorsque dedans ses bras Achille déguisé,
Eteignit le beau feu qu'elle avoit embrasé.
Ecoute le recit de cette belle histoire.

La reyne d' Amathonte avoit acquis la gloire
De se voir sans rivale, et Paris amoureux
Avoit rendu pour elle un jugement fameux ;
Il avoit remporté des rives de la Gréce,
Sur ses flottans vaisseaux, sa charmante maîtresse ;
Et le roy son espoux, pour maintenir ses droicts,
Contre l'orgueil de Troye avoit armé cent roys.
Déjà l'on combattoit, et par toute la terre
Voloit le bruit fameux de cette juste guerre,
Quand le vaillant Achille, en faveur de Thetis,
Qui prévoyoit la mort de cet aimable fils,
Sous un'habit de fille, et couvert d'infamie,
Languit nonchalamment au sein de Didamie.

Quid facis, *Æacide*? non sunt tua munera lanæ.

Tu titulos alia Palladis arte petas.

Quid tibi cum calathis? clypeo manus apta terendo.

Pensa quid in dextra, qua cadet Hector, habes?

Rejice succinctos operoso stamine fusos.

Quassanda est ista Pelias hasta manu.

Que fais tu, grand héros, dans les bras de Cypris,
Alors que de la gloire on dispute le prix ?
Que fais tu dans ta main de fuseaux et de laine ?
Cet employ, que conseille une amoureuse peine,
Deshonore ta main, et marque sur ton front
La lâche impression d'un éternel affront.
Ilion, que ton bras doit bientost mettre en poudre,
Voy avecque plaisir icy languir ta foudre.
Prends d'un fort javelot le redoutable fer,
Marche, vole aux combats, et t'en va triompher.
La nymphe cependant qui possede ton ame,
Craignant pour les plaisirs de sa naissante flamme,
L'arreste dans son lit, et la nuit et le jour
Cueille avec luy les fleurs et les fruits de l'amour.

GALLUS.

LYDIA, bella puella, candida,
 Quæ bene superas lac et lilium,
 Albam simul rosam rubidam,
 Aut expolitum ebur Indicum ;

Pande, puella, pande capillulos
 Flavos, lucentes ut aurum nitidum.
 Pande, puella, collum candidum
 Productum bene candidis humeris.

Pande, puella, stellatos oculos,
 Flexaque super nigra cilia.
 Pande, puella, genas roseas
 Perfusas rubro purpuræ Tyriæ.

COTTON.

LYDIA, thou lovely maid, whose white
The milk and lily does outvie,
The pale and blushing rose's light,
Or polisht Indian ivory ;

Dishevel, sweet, thy yellow hair,
Whose ray doth burnisht gold disprise ;
Dissolve thy neck so brightly fair,
That doth from snowy shoulders rise.

Virgin, unveil those starry eyes,
Whose sable brows like arches spread :
Unveil those cheeks, where the rose lies
Streak'd with the Tyrian purple's red.

Porrige labra, labra corallina,
Da columbatim mitia basia :
Sugis amentis partem animi :
Cor mihi penetrant hæc tua basia.

Quid mihi sugis vivum sanguinem ?
Conde papillas, conde gemipomas,
Compresso lacte quæ medo pullulant.

Sinus expansa profert cinnama :
Undique surgunt ex te deliciæ.

Conde papillas, quæ me sauciant
Candore, et luxu nivei pectoris.
Sæva, non cernis quod ego langueo ?
Sic me destituis jam semimortuum ?

Lend me those lips with coral lin'd,
And kisses mild of doves impart:
Thou ravishest away my mind ;
Those gentle kisses steal my heart.

Why suck'st thou from my panting breast
The youthful vigour of my blood ?....
Hide those twin-apples, ripe, if prest,
To spring into a milky flood.

From thy expanded bosom breathe
Perfumes Arabia doth not know ;
Thy every part doth love bequeath ;
From thee all excellencies flow.

Thy bosom's killing white then shade ;
Hide that temptation from mine eye :
Thou seest I languish, cruel maid ;
Wilt thou then go, and let me die ?

MARTIAL. lib. viii. ep. 77.

LIBER, amicorum dulcissima cura tuorum,
 Liber, in æterna vivere digne rosa ;
 Si sapis, Assyrio semper tibi crinis amomo
 Splendeat, et cingant florea sertæ caput ;
 Candida nigrescant vetulo crystalla Falerno,
 Et caleat blando mollis amore tibrus.
 Qui sic vel medio finitus vixit in ævo,
 Longior huic facta est quam data vita fuit.

This is one of the few translations from the Latin classics which Jonson has left behind him. But in many parts of his writings an attentive reader will discover separate lines which are literal translations from the Greek and Latin. I shall put down a few only which occur to me at this moment. In the Sad Shepherd, act 2, "But best, the dear good angel of the Spring, The nightingale," is a translation from a verse of Sappho found in the schol. on ver. 147 of the Electra of Sophocles. It is given by Brunck, Ήρως ἄγγελος ιμερόφυτος ἄνδρας. Bentley in his MS. notes on Hephæstion, preserved

B. JONSON.

LIBER, of all thy friends thou sweetest care,
 Thou worthy in eternal flow'r to fare,
 If thou be'st wise, with Tyrian oyle let shine
 Thy locks, and rosie garlands crown thy head ;
 Dark thy clear glass with old Falernian wine,
 And heat with softest love thy softer bed.
 He that but living half his days dies such,
 Makes his life longer than 'twas given him much.

in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, has altered it to Ήρό; ἀγγελλά· ἵμεροφεν· ἀσθεῖ. The reader will recollect the lines in Horace and Juvenal from which the following passages are taken. In the Masque of the Metamorphos'd Gypsey ;

“ Your very face first, such a one
 As being view'd, it was alone
 Too slippery to be look't upon : ”

and afterwards, “ You do not appear a judge of a year.” And in his Discoveries, “ He is not easily emergent ;” and Sir Kenelm Digby is “ absolute in all numbers.” See Eupheme.

OVID. Trist. lib. iii. eleg. 3.

Quosque legat versus oculo properante viator,
Grandibus in tumuli marmore cæde notis :
Hic ego qui jaceo tenerorum lusor amorum,
Ingenio perii Naso poeta meo.
At tibi qui transis ne sit grave, quisquis amasti,
Dicere, Nasonis molliter ossa cubent.
Hoc satis in titulo est : etenim majora libelli,
Et diuturna magis sunt monumenta mei.
Quos ego confido, quamvis nocuere, datus
Nomen, et auctori tempora longa suo.
Tu tamen extincto feralia munera ferto ;
Deque tuis lacrymis humida serta dato.

From a book entitled "Olor Iscanus, a collection of some select poems and translations written by Mr. Henry Vaughan, Silurist." Printed in 1651. I am sorry that sixty-three pages of this gentleman's poems have not been able to afford me any other favourable specimen than the above.

VAUGHAN.

And to inform posterity who 's there,
This sad inscription let my marble wear :
Here lies the soft-soul'd lecturer of love,
Whose envied wit did his own ruin prove.
But thou, whoe'er thou be'st, that passing by
Lend'st to this sudden stone an hasty eye,
If e'er thou knew'st of love the sweet disease,
Grudge not to say, May Ovid rest in peace !
This for my tomb ; but in my books they 'll see
More strong and lasting monuments of me,
Which I believe (though fatal) will afford
An endless name unto their ruin'd lord.

And now thus gone, it rests for love of me
Thou shew'st some sorrow to my memory ;
Thy funeral offerings to my ashes bear,
With wreaths of cypress bath'd in many a tear ;

Quamvis in cinerem corpus mutaverit ignis,
Sentiet officium mœsta favilla pium.
Scribere plura libet; sed vox mihi fessa loquendo,
Dictandi vires siccaque lingua negat.
Accipe supremo dictum mihi forsitan ore,
Quod tibi qui mittit non habet ipse, Vale !

Though nothing there but dust of me remain,
Yet shall that dust perceive thy pious pain.
But I have done: and my tir'd, sickly head,
Though I would fain write more, desires the bed.
Take then this word, (perhaps my last to tell,)
Which though I want, I wish it thee, Farewell !

CLAUDIAN.

PATER o gratissime veris,
Qui mea lascivo regnas per prata meatu
Semper, et assiduis irroras flatibus annum,
Respice nympharum cœtus, et celsa Tonantis
Germina, per nostros dignantia ludere campos.
Nunc adsis faveasque, precor; nunc omnia fetu

NICOLE.

CREATEUR éternel des beautez printannieres,
Qui par un juste choix établis ton séjour
Sur ces penchans costaux, et les champs d'alentour,
Ame de l'univers, pere des belles choses,
Du piquant aiglantier qui fais naitre les roses,
Et qui par les effets de ta fecondité
De ces aimables lieux entretiens la beauté,
Tu vois l'honneur du Ciel descendu sur la terre,
Tu vois les vifs surgeons du Maistre du Tonnerre,
Ces divines beautez qui méprisent les Cieux,
Pour admirer l'émail dont tu pare ces lieux.
Sois à ce grand dessein favorable et propice,
Qu'un air pur et serain mes plaines embellisse ;
Bigarre ces vallons des plus vives couleurs,
Et fay voir sous leurs pieds l'Iris parmy les fleurs ;
Fay qu'en un mesme temps leur belle main moissonne
Les faveurs du Printemps, et celles de l'Automne ;

OVID. Fasti, lib. ii. ver. 761.

SURGIT : et aurata vagina liberat ensem :
Et venit in thalamos, nupta pudica, tuos.
Utque torum pressit : "Ferrum, Lucretia, mecum est,
Natus," ait, "regis, Tarquiniusque vocor."
Illa nihil : neque enim vocem viresque loquenti,
Aut aliquid toto pectore mentis habet :
Sed tremit, ut quondam stabulis deprensa relictis,
Parva sub infesto cum jacet agna lupo.
Quid faciat ? pugnet ? vincetur femina pugna ;
Clamet ? at in dextra, qui necet, ensis adest.

A good translation of the most elaborate work of Ovid, the *Fasti*, is much wanted. Creech has been more successful in his translations from this author than in other works of a similar nature. The translation of Ovid into Spanish by Diego Suarez de Figueroa may be consulted in many parts with pleasure.

CREECH.

He rose and drew his sword ; with lustful speed
Away he goes to chaste Lucretia's bed ;
And when he came : " Lucretia, not a word ;
For, look, Lucretia, here's my naked sword ;
My name is Tarquin ; I that title own,
The king's young son, his best beloved son."

Half dead with fear, amaz'd Lucretia lay
As harmless lambs, their mothers gone away,
Expos'd to ravenous wolves an easy prey.

Her speech, her courage, voice and mind did fail ;
She trembled, and she breath'd, and that was all.
What could she do ? ah could she strive ? with whom ?
A man ! a woman's easily o'ercome.
Should she cry out, and make complaints of wrong,
His violent sword had quickly stopt her tongue.

Effugiat? positis urgetur pectora palmis;

Nunc primum externa pectora tacta manu.

Instat amans hostis precibus, pretioque, minisque;

Nec prece, nec pretio, nec movet ille minis.

“Nil agis: eripiam,” dixit, “per crimina vitam;

Falsus adulterii testis adulter ero.

Interimam famulum: cum quo deprensa fereris.”

Succubuit famæ victa puella metu.

Quid, victor, gaudes? hæc te victoria perdet.

Heu quanto regnis nox stetit una tuis!

Jamque erat orta dies: passis sedet illa capillis;

Ut solet ad nati mater itura rogum.

Grandævumque patrem fido cum conjugé castris

Evocat; et posita vénit uterque mora.

What, should she strive to fly ? that hope was gone ;
Young Tarquin held her fast, and kept her down.
He prest her bosom with a lustful hand,—
That chaste, that charming breast then first prophan'd.
The loving foe still sues, resolv'd to gain
With promise, threats and bribes ; but all in vain.
At last, “ ‘Tis folly to resist,” he cried ;
“ My love will rise to rage, if long denied ;
For I’ll accuse thee of unlawful lust,
Kill thee, and swear, though false, thy death was just.
I’ll stab a slave, and, what’s the worst of harms,
Black fame shall say I caught thee in his arms.”
This art prevail’d ; she fear’d an injur’d name,
And liv’d and suffer’d to secure her fame.
Why dost thou smile, triumphant ravisher ?
This shameful victory shall cost thee dear ;
Thy ruin pay for this thy forc’d delight :
How great a price ! a kingdom for a night !
The guilty night was gone ;....the day appears ;
She blusht and rose, and double mourning wears ;
As for her only son, she sits in tears,
And for her father and her husband sends.
Each quickly hears the message, and attends.

Utque vident habitum; quæ luctus causa, requirunt;
 Cui paret exequias, quove sit icta malo.
 Illa diu reticet, pudibundaque celat amictu
 Ora: fluunt lacrymæ more perennis aquæ.
 Hinc pater, hinc conjux lacrymas solantur, et orant,
 Indicet; et cæco flentque paventque metu.
 Ter conata loqui, ter destitit; ausaque quarto,
 Non oculos adeo sustulit illa suos.
 "Hoc quoque Tarquinio debebimus: eloquar," inquit,
 "Eloquar infelix dedecus ipsa meum."
 Quæque potest, narrat: restabant ultima: flevit,
 Et matronales erubuere genæ.
 Dant veniam facto genitor conjuxque coacto.
 "Quam, dixit, "veniam vos datis, ipsa nego."
 Nec mora :" celato figit sua pectora ferro;
 Et cadit in patrios sanguinolenta pedes.

But when they came and saw her drown'd in tears,
Amaz'd they ask'd the cause,....What violent fears,
What real ill did wound her tender mind ;
What friend was dead, for whom this grief design'd ?
But she sate silent still, still sadly cried,
And hid her blushing face, and wept and sigh'd.
Both strive to comfort, both lament her fate,
And fear some deadly ill they know not what.
Thrice she would speak, thrice stopp'd ; again she tries
To speak her wrong, yet durst not raise her eyes :
" This too on Tarquin's score," she cried, " I place ;
I'll speak, I'll speak, ah me ! my own disgrace ;...."
And what they could her modest words exprest ;
The last remain'd, her blushes spoke the rest.
Both weep, and both the forc'd offence forgive :
" In vain you pardon me, I can't receive
The pity you bestow : nor can I live."
This said, her fatal dagger pierc'd her side,
And at her father's feet she fell and died.

VIRGIL.

Nec Veneris, nec tu vini capiaris amore ;
 Uno namque modo vina Venusque nocent.
 Ut Venus enervat vires, sic copia Bacchi,
 Et tentat gressus debilitatque pedes.
 Multos cæcus amor cogit secreta fateri ;
 Arcanum demens detegit ebrietas.
 Bellum sæpe parit ferus exitiale Cupido ;
 Sæpe manus itidem Bacchus ad arma vocat.
 Perdidit horrendo Trojam Venus improba bello ;
 At Lapithas bello perdis, Iacche, gravi.

At the end of a book called *Les Œuvres de P. Virgile Maro, Prince des Poëtes Latins*, printed in 1608, are *Les Epigrammes selectes de P. Virgile Maron*, translated from the Latin by Pierre de Mouchault. There does not appear any reason for assigning them to Virgil. I have only selected one. Donatus in his Life of the poet, c. 7. mentions his Epigrams, and Pliny alludes to them in his 5th book, epist. 3.

PIERRE DE MOUCHAULT.

—

Nz sois espris de l'amour trop ardente,
Ni de Bacchus, ni de Venus plaisante ;
Car tous les deux nuisent en mesme sorte ;
Venus aux nerfs une foiblesse apporte ;
Bacchus aussi pris excessivement
Fait cheminer le pied debilement ;
Fait chanceller et aller de travers.
L'aveugle amour fait que sont descouvers
Plusieurs secrets cachez en la poitrine ;
Bacchus aussi, quand en l'homme il domine,
Le fait parler, et dire à la voïce
Chose qui deust secrete estre celée.
L'amour cruel bien souvent guerre excite ;
Bacchus aussi d'une dextre despite,
Fait bien souvent les armes empoigner.
Venus fit Troye en dix ans ruiner ;
Bacchus perdit par une guerre dure
Les Lapithois de sauvage nature.

Denique, cum mentes hominum furiarit uteisque,
Et pudor, et probitas, et metus omnis abest.
Compedibus Venerem, vinclis constringe Lyæum ;
Ne te muneribus lædat uteisque suis.
Vina sitim sedent ; natis Venus alma creandis
Serviat ; hos fines transiliisse nocet.

Bref, s'il advient que la force des deux
Rende le cœur de l'homme furieux,
Il est sans crainte, et du tout éhonté,
Cruel, injuste, ennemi de bonté.
Tien de Venus les pieds bien enferrez,
Et de Bacchus d'un lien bien serrez,
Craignant que l'un et l'autre ne t'offense
Par te donner de ses dons jouissance.
Quand on a soif on doit boire le vin ;
Et de Venus suivre les jeux, afin
D'avoir lignée ; il nuit, quand excedant
Imprudemment on va s'y desbordant.

AULUS SABINUS.

QVID refert? pelago sunt obruta: non mihi classes,
 Non socii superant; omnia pontus habet.
 Solus adhuc mecum, qui me tot casibus unus
 Duravit, patiens ad mala perstat amor.
 Illum non avidis canibus Niseia virgo
 Fregit; non tumidis torta Charybdis aquis.
 Non ferus Antiphates; nec in uno corpore dissors
 Parthenope, blandis insidiosa modis.
 Non quod Colchiacis Circe tentaverit herbis;
 Non quod solennes altera diva toros.
 Utraque se nobis mortalia demere fila
 Spondebat; Stygias utraque posse vias.
 Te tamen hac etiam spreta mercede petivi,
 Passurus terra tot mala, totque mari.

Aulus Sabinus wrote many epistles after the manner of Ovid, with whom he was contemporary; all of which are lost excepting three. The above extract is taken from the

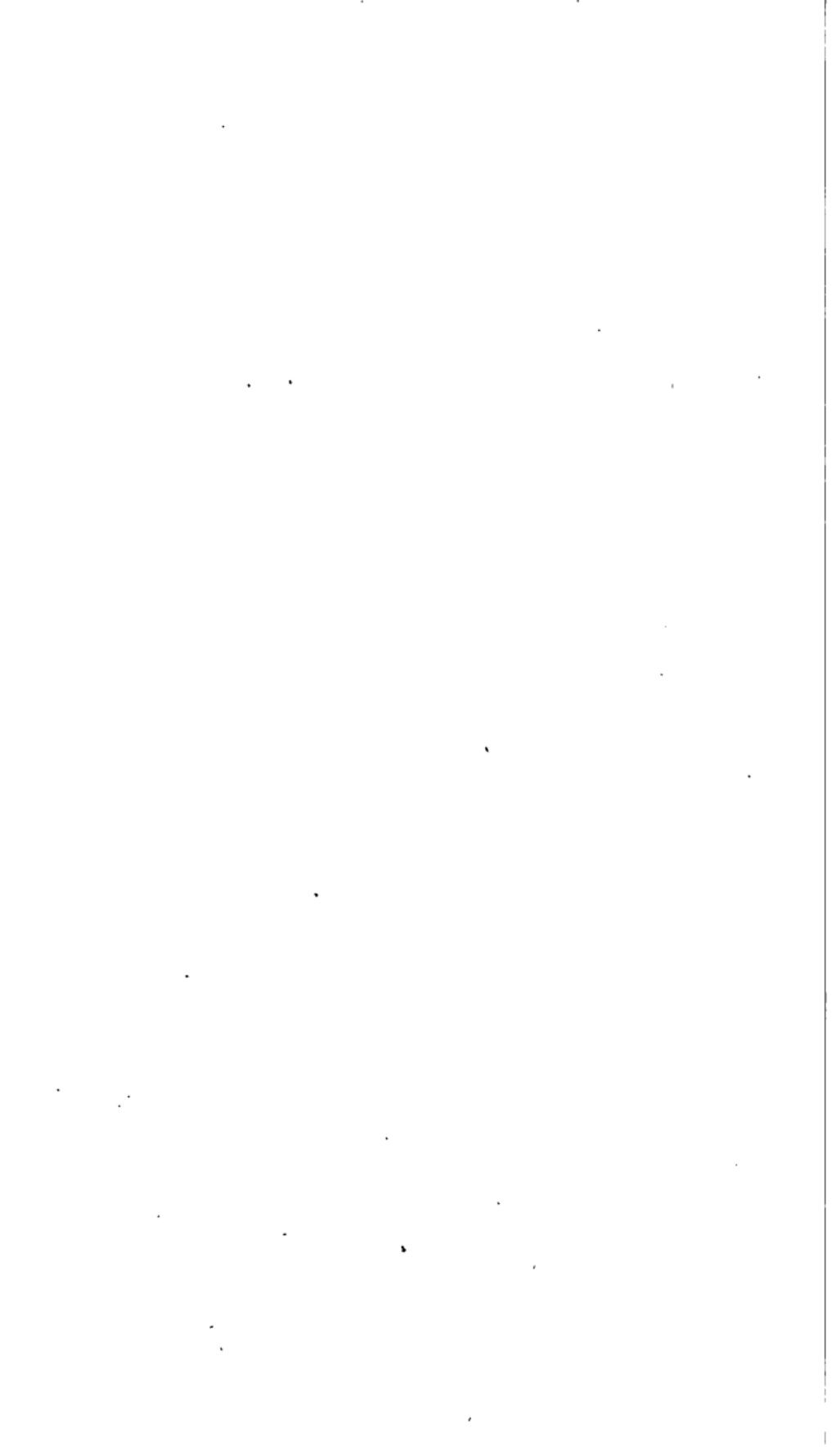
ANONYMOUS.

But what avails ? the sea has all engrost !
My ships, my arms, and my companions lost !
Though all things else fate's cruelties remove,
They have no power to shake my constant love.
That still endures, and triumphs over all ;
Nor can by Scylla or Charybdis fall.
To alter that the charming Syrens fail ;
Nor can the fell Antiphates prevail.
Not touch'd by Circe's arts, from her I fled ;
Nay shunn'd the proffer of a Goddess's bed.
Each promis'd, so she might become my wife,
To give me deathless joys and endless life.
Both I reject ; and, having thee in view,
My dangerous travels chearfully renew.

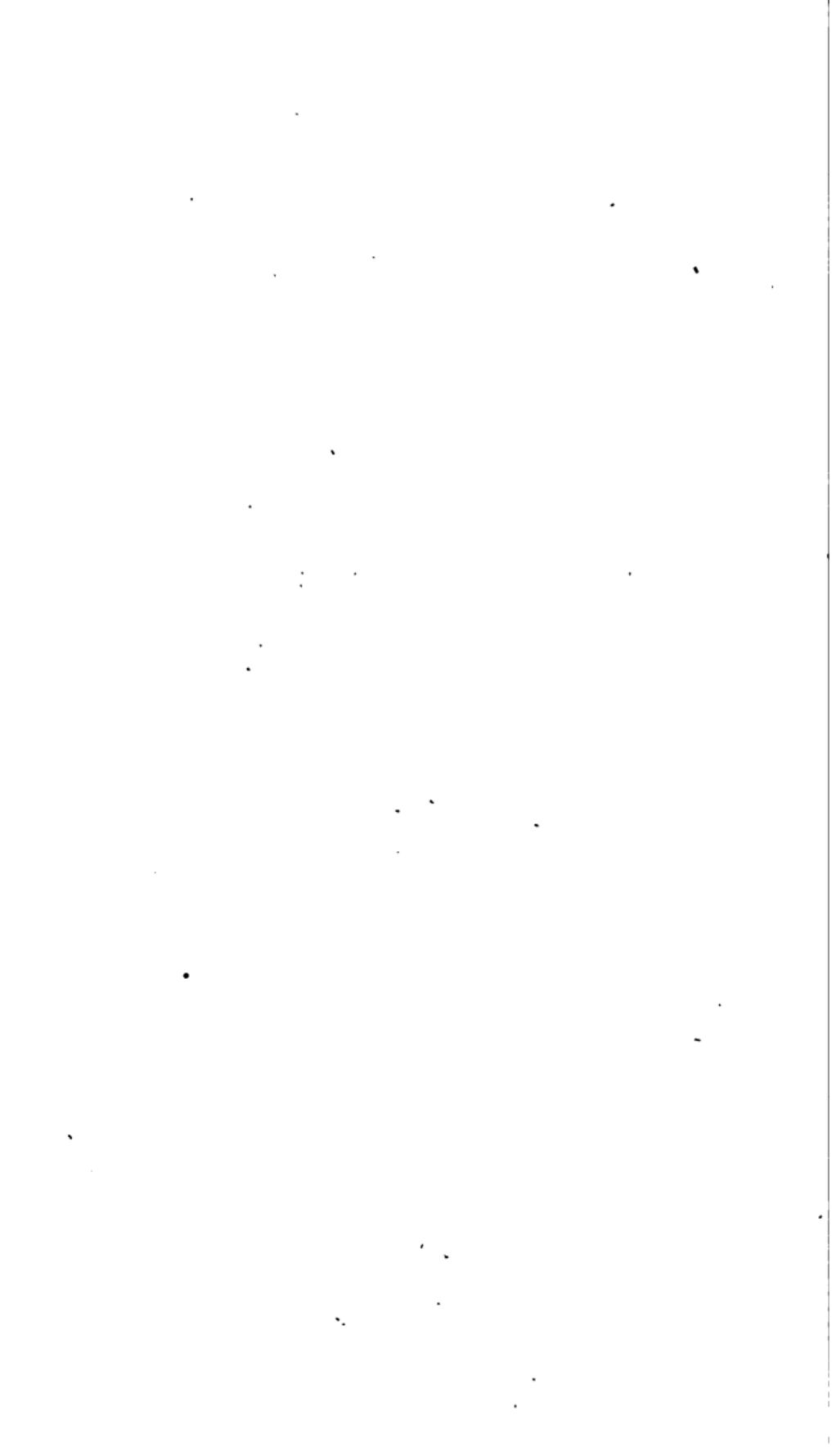
Epistle of Ulysses to Penelope. See the edition of Ovid by
N. Heinsius.

Sed tu fœmineo nupc forsan nomine tacta,
Non secura leges cætera verba mea.
Quæque mihi Circe, quæ sit mihi causa Calypso,
Jamdudum ignoto sollicitere metu.
Certe ego cum Antinoum, Polybumque, Medontaque
legi ;
Heu toto sanguis corpore nullus erat.
Tot juvenes inter, tot vina licentia, semper
(Hei mihi quo credam pignore ?) casta manes ?
Curve placent ulli, si sunt in fletibus ora ?
Deperit et lacrymis non decor iste tibi ?
Pacta quoque es thalamo, nisi mendax tela moretur,
Et cœptum revoces callida semper opus.

Let not these female names beget new fears,
Alarm thy breast, nor drown thine eyes in tears ;
What Circe, what Calypso could effect ;
Secure of me, all chilling doubts neglect.
That you my open soul may naked view,
I will confess that I have fear'd for you.
When I'was told how numerous a resort
Of eager rivals crowded in your court,
All pale I grew ; life left my outward part,
Scarce the retiring blood preserv'd my heart.
Besieg'd by pressing youthful lovers round,
Their bowls with wine, their heads with roses crown'd ;
My growing doubts to wild disorders haste ;
Ah, can I think she still is mine and chaste !
If me she wept, her charms would not be such ;
Could she thus conquer if she sorrow'd much ?
Yet quickly love returns, when I perceive
How well your chaste your pious arts deceive
Your hasty suitors, and procure delay,
By night undoing what you weave by day.



**MISCELLANEOUS
TRANSLATIONS.**



FROM THE GREEK.

O would that I were some soft gale
Which fans with perfum'd wing the air,
That from thy lips I might inhale
Each balmy sweet that lingers there,
And drink thy fragrant sighs !

And would that I were yon red rose
In vernal pride and radiance drest,
That, cull'd by thee, my lively glows
Might grace awhile, my fair, thy breast,
And veil its snowy charms !

FROM THE GREEK.

Dear is the blush of vernal morn
To him who plows the wat'ry deep,
And, o'er the darkling surges borne,
Marks the storm's infuriate sweep :

Dear is the limpid stream to him
Who journeys on his toilsome way,
And feels each slacken'd nerve and limb
Faint beneath the solar ray :

But dearer far, when thy blest power,
Love, two souls in bliss has bound ;
Gladly flows each festive hour
With rapture new for ever crown'd.

FROM THE GREEK.

Again upon the wings of night
It stole my slumb'ring senses o'er;
That dream that brought my soul's delight,
Whom oft I clasp'd in sleep before.
Yet no soft dream, I swear, like this,
So bath'd my soul in perfect bliss ;
For, oh ! such lovely hues bestowing
Fancy ne'er in colours glowing
Drew thee, my fair, in all thy charms
Imparadis'd in these fond arms :—

“ Stay thy fiery steeds, oh stay,”
I cried, “ thou envious God of day !”
Vain the pray'r ; and with the night
Fled each vision of delight.
Yet oft I thank thee, God of love,
That e'en in dreams such bliss I prove :

That thus I feel my gladden'd soul
Burn with desire that mocks controul,
Whene'er in sleep my fancy warm
Pictures, my fair, thy radiant form,
And glowing through each thrilling vein
Fires my love-bewilder'd brain.

FROM THE SPANISH.

LOPE DE VEGA.

STILL must I feel my soul distrest,
Still rack'd with jealous fear ;—
Though sleep death's image be confest,
Yet dreams, I 'm sure, have oft exprest
The things that on life's stage appear.

I thought, I saw thee yield thy charms,
When last I sunk to rest,
To some blest rival's happier arms,
And saw thee glow with love's alarms,
While madd'ning passion fir'd my breast.

Too like, alas ! to dreams I find
The joy and bliss I know ;
Yet dreams themselves ne'er leave behind
Or joy or bliss to cheer my mind,
Or bid my heart its griefs forgo.

FROM THE GREEK.

ONCE I know in madd'ning hour
I own'd your beauty's magic power,
And prais'd those eyes of liquid blue,
Those lips which sham'd the morning's hue,
The golden locks whose wavy flow
Shaded those rising hills of snow.
You each ardent wish repress'd ;
You continued still reproving.
Still I woo'd and still was loving,
Still to you the sigh address'd.

Now, alas ! what changes rise !
Mark, each grace, each beauty flies ;
Time, your cruel foe, at last
Grants me vengeance for the past ;
Youth no more that eye illumines ;
Age has brought its joyless glooms :

Cease ; those lures to spread forbear ;
Vain that studied dress, and care ;
Others tempt ; I'm not of those
Who seek the thorn, and leave the rose.

FROM THE GREEK.

Yes, still for thee my heart will beat,
Still throb with love's alarms :
Still glows my passion's earliest beat
For thee and all thy charms.

What though some years have now flown by,
Since first I sigh'd for thee,
I still for thee will heave the sigh,
And swear none loves like me.

Years have not dar'd, that eye to dim
Which beams its wonted fires ;
Each shape, each feature, and each limb
Its wonted grace respires.

The roses on thy lips are still,
And still with nectar-dew
Thy kisses fraught my bosom thrill,
And each fond wish renew.

If now, thy life's meridian gone,
Such beauty still be thine,
O guess, when its first morning shone,
What joy and love were mine !

FROM THE GREEK.

O bid those golden tresses flow
Unbraided down thy neck of snow,
Nor dare to mar the lively glow
Thy vermeil cheeks adorning.

What need of art? Those eyes of blue,
Those lips like roses bath'd in dew,
And all the host of charms I view,
Small aid from Art require.

And mark the flow'rs in yonder vale
That fling their fragrance to the gale,
And each perfume and scent exhale,
Wooing the gentle Zephyr....

How lovelier far those hues so bright
That deck thy form in beauty's light,
That form which haunts from dawn to night
My mind in Fancy's visions.

Thy girdle, queen of soft desire,
Say, could it wake such pleasing fire ;
Such joy, such hope, and love inspire,
As thrill this beating bosom ?

Ah no :—thy power were nought to this ;
That lip which prompts the glowing kiss,
That voice which whispers future bliss,
Outvie thy girdle's magic.

For these my blood runs mantling high,
And quick'ning spirits glad mine eye ;
For these oft bursts th' unbidden sigh,
Oft glows the thought enamour'd.

Yet no despondent murmurs rise,
While hope in those love-beaming eyes
Couch'd in soft slumber smiling lies,
Each anxious moment cheering.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

PETRARCH.

Tu, qui lapillis leniter obstrepens,
Hos, rive, campos fontibus irrigas ;
Lymphæ loquaces, queis calore
Fessa fovet sua membra Laura ;

Dulces recessus, queis volucrum melos,
Auræ Favoni queis teneræ vigent ;
Vosque arborum lenes susurri
Murmur aquæ prope defluentis,

Lacusque et herbæ, vos quoque rōscidi
Flores, et omnis copia narium,....
Audite, quos vates supremo
Triste gemens ciet ore questus.

Vos rite testor, vos quia conscientia
Nostri doloris ;—scilicet hic mihi
Me surpuit primum puella ;
Hic docui resonare lucum

Tristes querelas : o, utinam mihi,
Cum mortis almus composuit sopor,
Contingat, ut molli sub umbra
Hic cineres tegat urna nostros.

Mox ipsa gressus diriget huc suos
Laura, et silenti dum pede præterit,
Heu debita sparget favillam
Lacrymula juvenis sepulti.

FROM THE GREEK.

O say what mean those frequent sighs ?
Why heaves, my fair, thy sorrowing breast ?
Why on each lovely feature rest
Dark clouds of grief, and dim those eyes
With show'rs of sorrow streaming ?

O tell me all ; to sooth thy mind.
Friendship its aid shall soon impart,
Bid joy again illume thy heart,
With balmy hands thy wounds shall bind,
Each dimpled smile recalling.

Say, do I ken aright ?—The youth
Who oft, caressing and caress'd,
Upon thy lips the kiss impress'd,
And swore the vows of love and truth,
The sigh impassion'd heaving,....

Say, hast thou seen his circling arms,
While rapture bade his bosom glow,
And joy's high current madd'ning flow,
Clasp to his heart some fair one's charms,
Thy long-lov'd form unheeding ?

No answer ! Yet, too well I guess
Thy grief, and well thy eyes reveal,
And tell, what thou wouldest fain conceal,
What jealous pangs thy heart oppress,
Each tortur'd sense inflaming.

FROM THE GREEK.

STILL I mark those scornful eyes ;
Each fond wish you still reprove ;
Yet that throbbing breast, those sighs,
Tears, and looks too well reveal
 What you feel,
Though you still deny you love.

Hear, O God of young desires !
Your dread shafts oh bid her prove ;
Bid her glow with all your fires,
Till her lips this truth reveal,
 “ Now I feel,
Now I know what 'tis to love.”

FROM THE GREEK.

ON A PICTURE OF SAPPHO.

YES, sure 'twas Nature's self who drew
That mien, those features, which I view,
 Who thus pourtray'd the Lesbian's form ;
I mark her eyes, that seem to rove
Full-fraught with fancy and with love,
 And sparkling glow with passion warm.
I mark, around her shape and air
What graces play and hover there ;
 How well the pencil's power has trac'd
The genius of the heaven-born Muse,
And all the charms and roseate hues
 That e'er the queen of beauty grac'd.

FROM THE SPANISH.

LUIS DE LEON.

ΊΜΕΡΟΥ βέλεσσι δαμέλις ἔχειτο
 Πάρ ροαῖς Τάγοιο, μέσαν τὲ Κᾶσαν
 Ήδονα δεδμημένος ἀγκὰς εἶχεν
 καλλιπάρηον

Τῶν Γοθῶν δοκίμανος ἐκ δ' ἀνέστη
 Ἐκλιπῶν κευθμῶνα Ταγὸς ρεεθρῶν,
 Πημάτων τὲ μάντις ἐθεσπιώδη-
 σεν τάδε μύθω.

“Οὐ προσέππα δεινὸς ἔρως, Τύραννε,
 Αἰσιώ σ' ὄργιθι· πόσων σὺ γεύσῃ
 Αλγέων τᾶσδε δύνεκεν, ἀς πόθῳ Θερ-
 μαίνεται οὗτως

“ Τοὶ κέαρ· χοησμὸς δ’ ἔμὸς οὐ δεδορκῶς
 Ἐστὶν ἐκ καλύμματος, ἀλλὰ δᾶλος
 Ὁρθομαντείας πόνος· ως καχλάσδει
 σοὺς περὶ πύργους

“ Δαιῶν κῦμ· ως ζυγὸν ἀμφιεάλλειν
 Δούλιον στευνταί· τόδε σοι κραταιά
 Μοῖρ’ ἐπέκλωσεν· τάδε τάπιχειρ’ ἐ-
 ρωτος ἀναγνοῦ.

“ Οἰκτρὸν ως λωτίσματα γᾶς Λεώνος
 Εἰσερᾶν μαραίνομεν· οἰκτρὸν ἄστυ
 Εἰσορᾶν κλύδωνι μάχας δαμάσθεν·
 σαῖς δ’ ἀρα δαιμῶν

“ Ολβιάτις, ὦ Καστίλια, γύαισιν
 Ἐγκατέσκηψ’ ἀλγεά· βαρβάρων δὲ
 Κάσεβῶν ἐπειστὶ πυκνοῖς πεφεικό-
 των λόχος ὥπλοις.

“ Ἀρπαγᾶς γὰρ ὑπεριν ’Ιουλιᾶνος
 Τᾶς κόρας ζητῶν, ταχέως ἐγείρει
 ’Εκ στράτευμ’ ἐπακτὸν ἐα· στένω, σάλ-
 πιγγος ἀκούσας,

“ Βαρεάρων τὲ κορκοφυγῶν βρεμόντων·
 Οὐ φλέγεις χρείας ὑπὸ ; πᾶς προθύμως
 Τοὺς Λιβυστίκους ψάμαθους ἀπαὶ ῥυ-
 τῆρος ὅμιλος

“ ’Εκλιπεὶ σπεύδων· ’Αραβεὶς τε λόγχας
 ’Ακμονες θήγουσι δίκαν βλαβᾶς πρὸς
 Θηγάναις, πολὺν στόλον ἐισάγοντες
 ἵππιοχάρμαν.

“ Ἡ κενὸν ψάλλων κρότον ἐκ τὰδ’ ἀνδῶ ; *
 Ναυτίλων ὄχηματ’ ἐπ’ οἰδμα πόντου
 Νῦν ἐφιππεύσοις· γελᾶ δὲ πᾶν λι-
 νόκροκω αὐγᾶ.

“ Ως δὲ θυμοὶ γαθοσύνα φλέγονται
 ‘Οππόταν Καλπᾶς κορυφὰν βλέπωσιν·
 ‘Ως σὺν αὖραις πειπόμενοι θοαῖς κελ-
 λούσιν ἐπ’ ἀκτὰς !

“ Εκφανεῖς γυν πάντες ίδειν· αὕτη
 Πάντα θιν’ ἐπέφλεγεν· ἀλλ’ ανάστας,
 Κάπολακτίσας δυσέρωτ’ ἔρωτα,
 δειγόν· Αργη

“ Εξέγειρ· ὑπὸ στεροπᾶς ἄπασα*
 Χθῶν γελᾶ χαλκοῦ· γενύναν χαλιγοί
 ‘Ως κινύρωνται φόνοι ιππίων· τρο-
 μεῖς δὲ σὺ, Κάλπα.

“ Φεῦ μάτραν σαίνεις μόρον· οὐ προσῆλθε
 Πημάτων ἀπότροπος· ἀλλ’ Ερικνὺς
 Ποίνιμος τὰ δειγὰ τελέσσε· αγάλλε-
 ται δὲ ἀρ’ ο Μάυρος

* Hom. Il. T. 362.

“ Γαυριῶν νικᾶ· πεδίον δ' Ἰερῶν
 Τῶν νεκρῶν ἐμπλήσεν ἄπαν· μένος δὲ
 Βαῖτις ἐκφυσᾶ μέλαν αἷματος ρο-
 αῖς ἐπὶ πόντου.

“ Φεῦ κακῶν θησαυρὸς ἀνοιγγύται τὸν·
 Πρὸν δ' ἄν εὐγάστεις κλόνους Ἐγυω,
 Δαῖων τὸν πέμπτον ἐπιστρεφαὶ μῆ-
 ουσιν Ἀρηα.

“ Καὶ τότ' ἄθλων τέρμα προκείμενον σων
 Μυρίων ἐσται, Βασιλεῦ· τότ', Ἰσθι,
 'Εκ θρόνου πέσοντ' ὁ μελαμβαθής τύμ-
 ξος σε καλύψει.”

The translation from the Spanish by Mr. Southey, alluded to above, will be found in the Appendix.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Y~~es~~, while I linger far away,
Remembrance oft shall sooth my mind,
And paint with glowing hues the day
When first I saw thee fair and kind.

How oft I 'll think upon that hour,
When first thy looks and eyes confess
Each secret wish, and own'd Love's pow'r
Had fann'd the flame within thy breast !

Yet, once before we part, once more
From thy ripe lips one kiss bestow,
And bid me feel, as oft before,
My heart with kindling rapture glow.

And O forgive the jealous fear ;
While far away from thee I rove,
And anxious pour the bitter tear,
And think on all our former love,

Let no fond youth with Siren strain
Entice and lure thy heart from me ;
And nought, I swear, shall break the chain
Which binds my willing soul to thee.

Then give again that kiss, my fair,
Affection's surest tenderest seal,
And I will chase each rising care,
And hush each jealous doubt I feel.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

MARINO.

As, Venus, late you miss'd your boy,
 And anxious sought where he had stray'd ;
 " One kiss," you cried, " I'll give with joy
 To him who knows where Cupid's laid."

Give me the kiss ;—for see he lies
 In the dark heaven of Rosa's eyes ;
 Or bid my Rosa's lips bestow
 The kiss, and yours I will forgo.

This promise of Venus comes originally from Moschus and Anacreon. Love, in the prologue to the Aminta of Tasso, says,

*Ella mi segue,
 Dar promettendo a chi mi insegna a lei,
 O dolci baci, o cosa altra più cara.*

The *cosa altra più cara* of Tasso is the *καὶ πλίστης* of Moschus,

ἢ δὲ διάγυς νη.

Οὐ γυμνὸν τὸ φίλαμα, τὸ δὲ ἡξίν καὶ πλίστης.

The translation of the Aminta by Don Juan de Jauregui ranks deservedly high in Spanish literature, amongst productions of that kind. The reader will find in the Appendix some lines quoted from it, which are a translation of the part of the prologue alluded to above.

FROM THE GREEK.

THE ZEPHYR.

FRAGHT with the nectar'd sweets of early spring,
Mark where the Zephyr speeds his destin'd way,
And seeks upborne aloft on balmy wing
Each flower that glitters in the morning's ray.
Onward he hastes ; and views with glad delight,
Where gemm'd with dew the blushing roses bloom ;
There ling'ring checks awhile his eager flight,
And sighing o'er inhales the soft perfume.
Still as he flies, the fragrance which he sips
He breathes around, and scatters through the air,
Till fix'd at length he rests on Julia's lips,
And, mingling with each tender accent there,
Sighs with the sigh which from her bosom flows,
And scents with balmy dew the kisses she bestows.

FROM THE GREEK.

No: I swear that I never have yet been inclin'd
To sigh for, adore, or to love one alone ;
I have spurn'd at the chains that would fetter my mind,
And have equally lov'd every fair that I 've known.

Today I have sigh'd for the maiden whose breast
Has just learnt to throb with love's pleasing pain ;
On the morrow some grave sober prude I 've carest,
Whose charms were already advanc'd in the wane.

Sometimes I have woo'd one with eyes of soft blue,
And whose tresses of gold o'er her neck lightly flow'd ;
Sometimes, one whose locks were of black raven hue,
And whose dark shaded eyes with bright lustre have
glow'd.

The reader who is acquainted with a Greek Anacreontic ode written by Monsieur Menage, entitled *πρὸς Βίον*, will perceive the resemblance between it and part of the lines above.

How oft I've sought those who have borrow'd from art
The charms with which Nature so many has blest !
But oft'ner to those have I offer'd my heart
Who can please when in Nature's simplicity drest.

Both the high and the low, and the brown and the fair,
I have sigh'd for and courted with equal desire ;
Unfetter'd I've roam'd, and as free as the air,
And have had all that wishes and heart can require.

FROM THE FRENCH.

MOLIERE.

ΕΡΜΗΣ.

Ἐπίσκεψ, ὡς Νὺξ· ὡς ἐγώ δέομαι τι σου·
Περὶ τοῦ Διὸς σοι τίνας ἔχω λόγους φράσαι.

ΝΤΕ.

Ἐᾶ, τὶς οὗτος; χαιρε, χαιρός φίλτατε,
Ἐρμῆ· τι δὴ Ζεὺς βούλεται; λεγ' ἀλλὰ τὶ¹
Ορῶ σ' ἐπὶ τῆσδε οὔτω νεφελῆς καθεδούμενον;

ΕΡΜΗΣ.

Ἐχει μὲν οὗτως· τὰ γόναταί αἱρεῖ μου κόπος
Καματηρός, ὅτι μέτεστι μοι τόσων πόνων·
Καὶ γῦν κάθημαι περιμένων σε, Νὺξ.

NTΞ.

Τὶ φῆς;

Ληρεῖς ἔχων κάμνει θεῶν τις πώποτε:

ΕΡΜΗΣ.

Ἄρ' ἐκ σιδήρου γ' εἰσιν οἱ θεοὶ;

NTΞ.

Τὶ οὐν;

Σώζειν τὸ πρέπον χρῆ· φέρε, σὺ γ', ἀντιζολῶ, πιθεῦ.
 Τοῖς ρήμασιν τοι μείζοσιν χρῆσθαι θεοὺς
 Εἰκὸς πολὺ σεμνοτέροις τὲ· τ' ἀλλα δ' ἀπόλυτοις
 Θυήτοισιν, Ἐρμῆ.

ΕΡΜΗΣ.

Πάγυ συ μὲν καλῶς λέγεις.
 Πράττεις γὰρ εὐτύχεστατ· ἄρμα σοι πάρα
 'Ω, τὴν ἐν ἀστροῖς οὐρανοῦ τέμνεις ὁδόν·
 'Εμοὶ δὲ δειλότατῷ γὲ πάντων δαιμονῶν
 'Ου ταῦτον ἔστιν· ως διαρράγηναι πᾶς
 Μέσος ποιητής ἄφελ· ἄλλοις γὰρ θεοῖς

Χρήστον τι γ' ἔδωκαν ἀλλὰ περιορῶσ' ἔμε.
 Εἰτ' οὐχ ὕβρις ταῦτ' ἔστι, καὶ πολλὴ τρυφὴ
 Καὶ θερμὸν ἔργον, κάνοσιον, καὶ παράγομον,
 Ἐμὲ μὲν τὸν Ἐρμῆ, τῶν θεῶν τὴν πρέσβεα
 Οὐτως βαδίζειν καὶ πονεῖν, οὐδὲν δ' ἔχειν
 Ἐφ' οὐ ἄν αὐτος ἐπικαθεζώμαι κάμων;

ΝΤΞ.

Σύ δὲ δὴ τι βουλεύει ποιεῖν; τοῦτ' εἰπέ μοι.
 Οἰσθ' ὡς φλυάρονσ' οἱ ποιηταὶ πολλάκις.
 Βάρεως φέρεις τοῦτ' ἀλλὰ μὴ κότον τρέφων,
 Ἐρμῆ, πρὸς ὄργην σπλάγχνα θερμήνης· τι γὰρ;
 Όυκ εἰ πτερωτὸς κατὰ πόδας σύ;

ΕΡΜΗΣ.

Πῶς δ' ἔγω
 Τοιοῦτος ὡν, μεῖον κάμοιμ' ἄν, ὡς γαθή;

ΝΤΞ.

Τὰ δὲ γῦν ἔωμεν, ηδ' ἀπανθ' ὡν σὺ δέη, φράσον μοι.
 Εστὶν δὲ δη τι, καὶ πόθεν τὸ πρᾶγμα τοῦτο, ὁ φῆς σύ;

ΕΡΜΗΣ.

Τὸ χρῆμα τοῦτ' ἐργάζεται· νέω δαμεὶς ἔρωτι
Σὴν χλαιγαν ἐαυτὸν ἀμπέχειν, ὥνūξ, θέλει μαλ' ὁ Ζεὺς.
Σύ γὰρ οἵσθ' ἄρ' ὡς ἡττων ἔρωτος ἐστι καὶ γυναικῶν,
Χῶς πολλάχις τὸν ὄυρανὸν λελοίπε, γῆν δὲ οὐκάνει,
Καὶ συγκατακεῖσθαι βούλεται θνήταισι καὶ συνεῖναι.
Καὶ νῦν διακναιστας ἔχει πόθος τις ἄτοπος αὐτόν.

INSCRIBENDUM TUMULO

JOHANNIS TWEDDELL,

IN TEMPLE THESEI

APUD ATHENAS SEPULTI.

Ἐτδεὶς ἐν φθιμένοισι· μάτην Σοφίης ἀρ' ἐδρέψας
 Ἀνθεα, καὶ σὲ νέον Μοῦσον ἐφιλήσε μάτην.
 Ἀλλὰ μόνον τὸ γὲ σῶμά τὸ γῆικον ἀμφικαλύπτει
 Τύμπος ἔδε· ψυχὴν οὐρανὸς αἰπὺς ἔχει.
 Ήμιν δ' οἱ σὲ φίλοι φίλον ὡς, κατὰ δάκρυ χέοντες
 Μνᾶμα φιλοφροσύνας χλωρὸν, ὁδυρόμεθα,
 Ἡδὺ γ' ὄμως καὶ τερπνὸν ἔχειν τοῦτ' ἔστιν, Ἀθηνῶν
 Ως σὺ Βρέταννος ἐών κείσεαι ἐν σποδιῇ.

ODE GRÆCA

ANNUO NUMISMATE DIGNATA.

A. D. 1801.

MELITE BRITANNIS SUBACTA.

Χαῖρε μοὶ γυᾶς Θύγατερ Σικάνας·
 Οὐκετ' ἐν ζάλᾳ, Μελίτη, σαλεύεις
 Τοῦ βαρυφθόγγου μόθου· προθυμῶς
 κόλπον ἔδυ πρὸς

Αλεῖων σ' ἐδέξατο, καὶ ποθατὰν
 Ευδίαν ὥπασσε·—τίς οὖν ἀντίνει,
 Αξίαν καὶ πρὸν, χαρίτεσσιν ὑμνῶν
 σὲ στεφανίσδειν;

Ἡ σιδαρεῖος κέαρ, ὅστις ἄκρας
 "Οὐκ ἐγεύσατ' ἐυφροσύνας, "Ομηρος
 'Οκκόταν, Μοισᾶν καπυρὸν στόμ', ἃδει
 ὡς πόκ' Ὁδυσσῆ*.

Μυρίοις πλαγχθέντα κακοὶς Καλυψὼ
 Δέξατ' ἐν νάσῳ Μελίτῃ φρένας Φ' ὡς
 'Ιμέρου δαμεῖσα βέλει πόθησέ
 νιν πόσιν εἶγα.

Ἐσπεται δ' ἄλλος χθονὶ τῷδ' ἔπαινος
 "Ην ἐπεὶ γαῖαν φύγε, πολλάκις τε
 Κ' οὐκ ἄπαξ παγαῖς δακρύων στένοισα
 πότμον ἄποτμον,

Τας κύκνου 'ν ὠδαῖς Ἰταλοῦ βρυούσης,
 "Αγγα Φοινίσσας, πέδον ἔσχε τοῦτο
 'Αμπνόαν που ναυτιλίας, μονὴν ἐυ-
 ροῦσα βεβαίαν.

* Vide Bochart, Geog. p. 550.

Τοῦνεκ' οὐ δητ' οὐ, Μελίτη, μάταιος
 Ἐμμὶ τοι φόρμιγγα θέλων ἐγείρειν
 Τυρον ἥδ' εὐηχέα· μικκύλα γὰρ
 καίπερ ἐοῖσα

Οὐ κλέος τὸν μικκύλον, ἐκ δὲ φάμα
 Δὴν ἔλαμψ. ιεὶς ἄρ' οἵστον ἄλλον
 Ἐμπαλιν βάλλω σὲ· μένος ποκ' εἶδες,
 ὅπλα τε Ρώμας *

Εἶδες ἄ! στάσδεντα φόνου χαλάσδαν·
 Καὶ βίαν ὑπέρβιεν ὀξυκλαγγοῦς
 Λετοῦ σὰν νᾶσον ἔαις σκιασσάν-
 τος πτερύγεσσι.

Τρισμάκαρ τὸν, νᾶσε· Θεὸς γὰρ αὐτὸς,
 Ος ποκ' ἐν πόντοιο βυθοῖσι βάψας
 Αμέροτον βραχίονα σ' ἐκ σκοτεινῶν
 ἐιλκυσε βάθρων,

* Vide Bochart, Supr.

Εἶτα σὲ σθένει προσέμιξε· Θυμὸς
 'Ου φλυαρεῖ· μάρτυς ἐμοὶ τὸ Θᾶυμα
 Τάνικ' ἔνδηλον μάλα, σεϊο πρὸς γὰν
 ἄνιχ' ὁ Πᾶυλος

Νᾶυν ἔὰν ὥκειλεν· ἀπροσδόκητον,
 Πῶς γὰρ οὐ; Θέαμα τοτ' γὰν ιδέσθαι·
 'Εκ πυρᾶς ἴκκ' ἀλλομένη χερὸς καθ-
 ἔψειν ἔχιδνα.

'Η κακὸν πέπονθ' ὁ διάκονος Θεοῦ
 Μηδὲν; ἀρ' αὐτὸν φόβος ἐπτόασεν
 'Ορθόθριξ; τῇ ρᾳ φρένος ἐυμαρῆς ἔ-
 μεινε γαλήνη;

*Ιστατ' * ὡς δαιμων τὶς·—ὅτῳ Θέος γὰρ
 Τὰν πολυσταγῇ χάριν ἐμπέπνευκεν,
 'Ασφάλης. Γλώσσας δὲ μάταν ρεούσης
 πίκρος ἀποιγος·

‘Ος μάταν τοξεύσ’ ὑπέραυχα βάζων
 ‘Εν φρεσὶν Τύρκων δ’ τύραννος· ὕβριν
 ‘Ου κατ’ αἰσαν ὕβρικε· πῶς δ’ ἀν εἴποιμ;
 ὡς μανίασι

Κομπάσας πύργοις, Μελίτη, τεοίσιν
 Δεῖν’ ἀπείλησ’; ὁξυτέρα πτερώτου
 ‘Αστραπᾶς· Ατα προσέθηκ’ ὅλεθρω
 νᾶς ἄγας,

‘Ελπίδων τ’ ἐψεύσατο· ποῦ δ’ ἀπείλαι;
 Ποῦ δ’ ἀλαζονεύματα; παρέέβακεν
 ‘Ος ὄραμ’ ὄραματος, ὡς σκιᾶς πε-
 φεύγεν ὄνειρος.

Τώς ποκ’ ἐκ Θεοῦ βαρβαρικῶν φαλάγγων
 Θοῦροις ἄλκα κάππεσεν· οὐδ’ ἔισας
 Ζημιᾶς ἄγεν τεὸν ἐν φόνου δρό-
 σῳ ποδ’ ἔβαψας,

Γαλλία· ναὶ πικροτερᾶν σὲ ποινᾶν
 'Εξαμᾶν ἐχρῆν θέρος· οὐ κλυεῖς τὸ
 Πρόσπολος σφαγὰς μόνον, οὐ μόνον κα-
 ράτομος ἐθνῶν,*

'Αλλὰ καὶ μύσει κραδίας ἀναιδούς
 'Ηρακλας Δικαιοσύναν απ' ἀστρων
 'Ουράνου νόμων τε κατεφρύγησας,
 δέσμασι θνήτοις

Τὸν Θεὸν τὸν ἀθάνατον θέλουσα
 'Ειργάθειν.—τοῦπος τόδε, Θυμὴ, ρίψον·
 'Ου καθεύδει τῶμμα Πάτρος· τις ἦν γὰρ
 ὅκκα γέφος τοῦ

Πρὰν κάκων ἐπην, Μελίτη, τις ἦν ὁς
 Γαλλίας ἀλκαν κατέκαυσεν, ὥστε
 Μή οὐ τελείωσαι τάδε; τις δὲ συμπά-
 θοντα Βρετάννων

* Vide Lycophr. Cass.

Ἐις σ' ἔτρεψ' ὁφθαλμὸν ;—ἐκῶν ἐκούσῃ
 Τὴν χάραν χαίρειν ἀφατον κελεύω·
 Ἐρρέτω λοφύρματα· τηλεφάντου
 ἐντυχίας νῦν

Βάλλεται κρηπίς· πάρα δ' οὐκ ἐπωδαί
 Τοὺς βρύουσιν ἔλκεσι ; μήδεται τεῦ
 Ἀλεῖων ἀλεξίκακος, τείν πνέ-
 οισα γαληνὸν

Οὔρον Ἐιράνας· ἐσορῶ στέφει σ' αἰς
 Ὁλβος ἐυθύπομπος, ἀγάλλεται δ' αἰς
 Σεῖο γὰρ καρποίσιν ἀπαστα· γλαυκᾶς
 φύλλον ἐλαίας

Ἀμπελος τε καλλίβοτρος τεθήλευ,
 Δάκρυ τε στάσδει μέλιτος· τυ δ' ἄκτας
 Ἀμφὶ σᾶς πόγους ἐρίων πονεῦσα
 μυρίον ἔξεις

Ἐμπόρον φρούρημά τ' ἔσει Βρετάννοις
 'Οκκ' ἐφιππεύουσιν ἐωθιγὸν πρὸς
 Τέρμα γᾶς πνοᾶις ἀνέμων τὸ δ' ἥμαρ
 μήποκ' ἴδοιμι

Πίκρον, ὡς στύγγα σε πάλιν δαμάσσει
 Δυσμενῶν ὕδρις· φιλίας δὲ μᾶλλον
 'Εν λεπάδνοις ζευγνυμένα φανείης
 ξύμμαχος ἀμμι

Ξυμμάχοις, ἔως σὸς, ξενικοίσιν ὅμμα,
 Κόλπος ὁρμον ἐυλίμενον παράσχη
 Ναυβάταισιν, ηϊόνας δ' ὑγραίσιν
 ἀγκαλίδεσσι

Σὰς στέφει θάλασσα, φύλαξ ἄυπνος,
 Τοὶ περιρρέετω βίος. ἀ μάκαρ', ἀν
 'Αλείων ἐλευθερίας τιθάνα
 ἀμφιβέβακεν !

A P P E N D I X.

ମତ୍ୟାନ୍ତମ୍

APPENDIX.

Nº I.

FRAGMENT OF MENANDER.

See Page 66.

Ή μὴ γαμεῖν γὰρ, ἃν δὲ πατέλεις, φέρειν
 Μύσαντα πολλὴν προῖκα καὶ γυναικα δεῖ.
 Ἐκπυνθάνεσθαι τὸν ἀρσένων ἡμᾶς δεον·
 Τὸ μὲν μέγιστον, ὅποτε ἀνδρα χρὴ σοφὸν
 Λιαν φυλάσσειν ἄλοχον ἐν μυχοῖς δόμων.
 Ἐρᾶ γὰρ ὅψις τῆς θύραθεν ἡδονῆς,
 Ἐν δὲ ἀφθόγοισι τοῖσδε ἀναστροφωμένη,
 Βλέπουσα τὸν πᾶν καὶ παροῦσα πανταχού,
 Τὴν ὅψιν ἐμπλήσαστον ἀπήλλακται κακῶν.
 Τὸ τὸν ἀρσενὸν τοῦ κεκρυμμένου λίχνου.
 Οστις δὲ μόχλοις καὶ διὰ σφραγισμάτων
 ζει δάμαρτα, τὸν ἀνδρι δὴ δοκοῦν σοφὸν,

Μάταιος ἔστι, καὶ φρεγῶν ὄυδεν φρονεῖ.
 Ἡτις γὰρ ἡμῶν καρδίαν θύρας ἔχει
 Θᾶσσον μὲν οἰστου, καὶ πτεροῦ χωρίζεται,
 Λάθοι δ' ἄν "Αργου τὰς πυκνοφθάλμους κόρας.

In the three first lines I have adopted the emendation proposed in the Act. Lips. Stobæus has in the third line *τ' αρσένων δ' ἡμᾶς σέθευ*. Grotius, *τ' αρσένων πέρι μηδεέν*. Bentley suggests *τ' αρσένων, Δημόσθενες*. But, to use the words of Professor Porson in his appendix to Toup, “valde suspecta sunt ista emblemata, γύναι, Σωσία, Σμικρίνης.”

Nº II.

See Page 87.

THE translation from Martial by Jonson is faithful and spirited. I cannot forbear transcribing the Spanish version of another epigram of the same writer by Bartholomé Leonardo d' Argensola, who has equalled, if not surpassed his original.

MARTIAL, lib. i. ep. 20.

Si memini fuerant tibi quatuor, Ælia, dentes,
 Exspuit una duos tussis et una duos.
 Jam secura potes totis tussire diebus ;
 Nil istic quod agat tertia tussis habet.

Quatro dientes te quedaron
 (Si bien me acuerdo) ; mas dos,
 Elia, de una tós volaron,
 Los otros dos de otra tós.
 Seguramente toser
 Puedes ya todos los días,
 Pues no tiene en tus encías
 La tercera tós que hacer.

Nº III.

THE lines from Lope de Vega in p. 117 are an imitation of the first part of the verses in the Arcadia, which begin,

O burlas de Amor ingrato.

Nº IV.

TRANSLATION FROM LUIS DE LEON.*

See Page 133.

RODRIGO, from the world apart,
 Retir'd where Tagus flows,
 Clasp'd the fair Caba closely to his heart,
 When lo ! the Spirit of the Stream arose,
 And pour'd the prophet song of Spain's impending woes.

In evil hour, tyrannic King,
 Thou dalliest here ! he cried ;
 Even now I hear the shout of battle ring !
 Vengeance even now stalks on with frantic stride,
 And from his giant arm he scatters ruin wide.

* *Southey's Travels in Spain and Portugal*, p. 255.

‘Ah me ! what anguish, what dismay,
Rise tyrant from thy lust !
And cursed Caba be thy natal day,
Whose violated charms provoke the All-just
To tread the Gothic powers and Gothic crown in dust.

Ah me ! thou claspest in thine arms
Dread danger and disgrace :
What shrieks, what ills, what horrors, what alarms,
Proud King ! thou foldest in thy hot embrace,
War, Desolation, Death, the ruin of thy race.

Woe to the sons of Leon ! woe
To fair Castilia’s plain !
And where the pleasant waves of Ebro flow,
The conquering infidel shall fix his reign,
And Lusitania yields.—Woe, woe to wretched Spain !

The vengeful Count, in evil hour,
The impious aid shall call :
Swift o'er the ocean swarms the swarthy power,
Vain the strong bulwark, vain the massy wall,
The bulwark soon shall shake, the fortress soon shall
fall.

Hark ! hark ! even now on Afric's coast
I hear the trumpet's blair !
From every quarter rush the robber host,
They rush the battle and the prey to share,
And high their banners wave, and bright their
crescents glare.

The Arab, eager for the fight,
Leaves his waste sands behind ;
Swift is his steed, and swift his arrow's flight ;
The burning thirst of battle fires his mind,
He lifts his quivering lance ; he wounds the passing
wind.

Their warrior myriads hide the ground,
And now they spread the sail :
Hark to the multitudes impatient sound !
And now their louder shouts mine ear assail,
For now they mount the bark, and catch the favouring
gale.

On moves the death-denouncing load,
The dark deep foams below ;
And swift they sweep along the wat'ry road,
And with strong arm the sinewy captives row,
And fairly blows the wind, ah me ! the wind of woe !

Still onward moves the hostile host ;
Still blows the breeze aright ;
Now rises on their view the distant coast :
The mountain rocks now brighten to the sight,
And nearer now they view Calpe's majestic height.

Still wilt thou clasp her in thine arms ?

Rise, rise, Rodrigo rise !

The affrighted shore now echoes with alarms,

They reach the port, hark to their eager cries !

Triumphant there aloft the impious banner flies.

They pass the mountain's craggy bound,

They rush upon the plain ;

Far o'er the realm their swift steeds scour around.

Rise, rise Rodrigo, yet thy right retain,

Rodrigo, rise ! revenge thy desolated Spain !

Ah me ! ah me ! what toils, what woes,

What ills are still in store !

Wide o'er the country sweep the furious foes,

Vain the strong horse, and vain the warrior's power,

For horse and warrior fall beneath the victor Moor.

Woe Tyrant, to Iberia woe !

Her best blood gluts the plain !

Then, Betis, black with blood thy waves shall flow,

And clogg'd with many a Moor and Christian slain,

Thy tainted tide shall roll pollution to the main.

And now at Death's triumphant feast,

The bowl of blood shall flow !

Five fights shall rage ere yet the war has ceast ;

Then, then, Rodrigo, shall thy head lie low,

Woe Tyrant ! woe to thee ! to poor Iberia woe !

The three last stanzas of the original have great merit, but they are surpassed by the English version."

¡ Ay quanto de fatiga !
 ¡ ay quanto de dolor esta presente
 al que biste loriga,
 al Infante valiente
 a hombres y a caballos juntamente !

Y tu Betis divino,
 de sangre ageno y tuy a amancillado,
 daras al mar vecino
 ¡ quanto yelmo quebrado !
 ¡ quanto cuerpo de nobles destrozado !

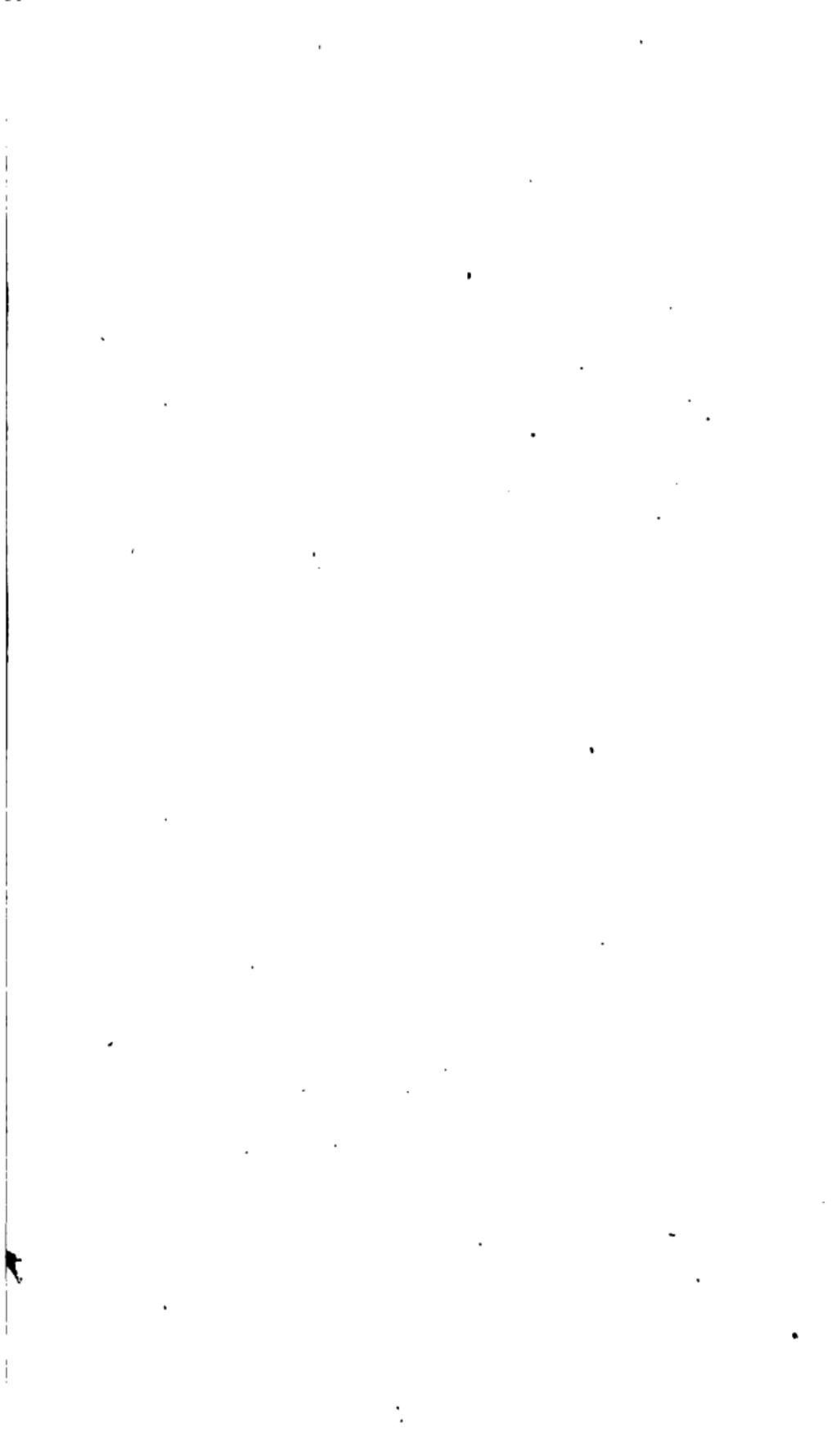
Nº 5.

See Page 136.

ELLA me sigue y busca, promitiendo
 A quien me manifieste un dulce abraso,
 O algun premio mayor, qual si no fuese
 Yo poderoso para dar en cambio
 Regalos semejantes, o mayores,
 A quien me encubra de ella ; esto a lo menos
 De cierto sé, que los alhagos mios
 A las donzelllas les seran mas gratos,
 (Si yo, que soy Amor, de amor entiendo)
 Asi me busca de ordinario en ván ;
 Que nadie quiere revelarme, y callan.

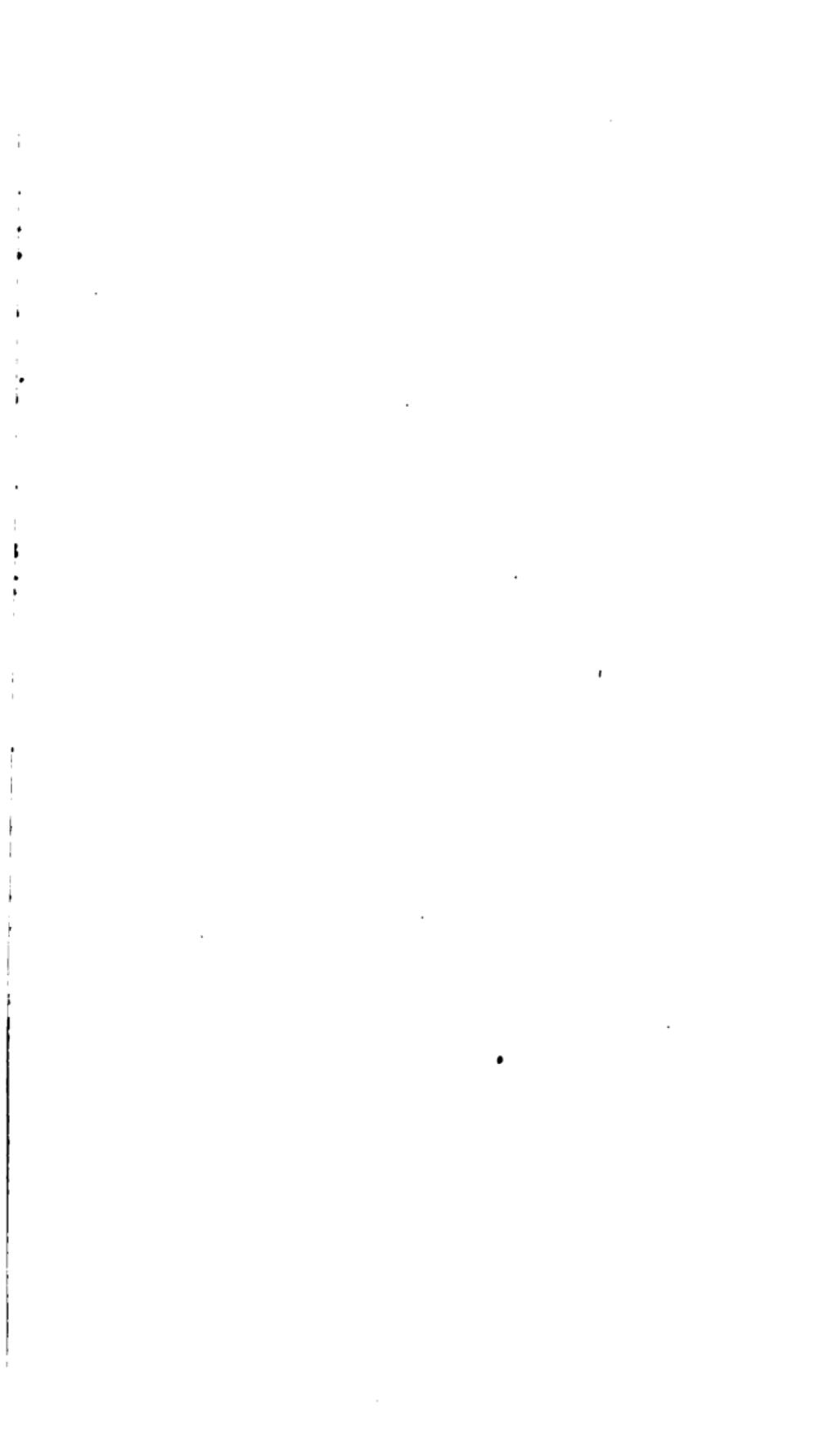
El furibundo Marte
 cinco luces las haces desordena
 igual a cada parte :
 la sexta,—; Ay ! te condena.
 ; o cara patria, o barbara cadena !

THE END.

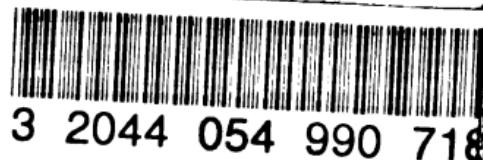


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